THE LADY IN RED

screenplay by

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INT. BARN, GIRL
in a musty barn we see POLLY FRANKLIN. A young woman in bare feet and faded gingham dress, doing a halting tap dance-

CUT TO:

FEET
raising hay-chaff. Polly sings and hums 'Forty-Second Street' -

CUT TO:

CHICKENS
a few scrawny hens cooped in the barn, jerking their heads up to look-

CUT TO:

POLLY, CU
we watch her face, concentrating as she sings and steps. We superimpose the title-

THE LADY IN RED

And slowly FADE TO:

PREACHER, CU
a stern-looking man cranking out fire-and-brimstone-

PREACHER
-and whosoever shall harbor unclean thoughts, he too shall be smitten by the- (thinks) Naw. He too- he too shall descend into the Lake of Fire!

We do a slow ZOOM OUT to see that he is on a stump in a huge empty field of a little hardscrabble farm, converting the hay-

PREACHER
For Satan may assume a pleasing form to lead us into damnation. O many and wicked are his-

POLLY
(off, calling) Father!

CUT TO:

PREACHER, POLLY
she calls from the wheel of a battered old pick-up, idling on the dirt road. Her father doesn't climb down from his stump.

Between them lies a broken, rusted plow, overgrown with weeds-

POLLY
I'm bringin' the eggs into town. Anything you want 'sides your medicine?

PREACHER
You just hustle your tail back here. There's them pullets to tend to.

POLLY
Yes father.

CUT TO:

PREACHER
turning back to his sermon as Polly drives off, trailing a cloud of dust-

PREACHER
Our message for the day is drawn from Issiah-

CUT TO:

POLLY, TOWN
pulls up and parks the pick-up. As she gets out, she glances at a movie poster-

CUT TO:

WOMAN, CAR
a chic young woman in red dress and hat, leaning against a roadster. Polly stares at her, admiring-

WOMAN
You lookin' at somethin', sister?

POLLY
Oh- uhm, no. I was just admirin' your dress.

WOMAN
(snorts a laugh) Yeah? Yours ain't so bad, neither.

Polly blushes, tugs at her old rag- there is a muffled gunshot across the street, they look-

CUT TO:

BANK
three men running out, firing behind them, window-glass shattering-

CUT TO:

POLLY, WOMAN
the woman smiles Polly, holding a gun on her-

WOMAN
On the runnin board, sister. We're takin a spin.

CUT TO:

CAR, COUNTRY ROAD
a long shot of the getaway car as it approaches over a hill. Polly stands on the running board, clinging for life. As it careens by us a man inside spills a sack of nails out onto the road. We hold on the spot as a pair of squad cars comes screeching too late to a halt, tires blowing. The cops pile out, stepping gingerly through the nails-

CUT TO:

POLLY, WOMAN
Polly clings by the woman at the wheel, terrified-

WOMAN
Okay, Peaches, you done your part. I'm gonna slow down, and when I say jump, you jump lively, understand?

CUT TO:

CAR
coming toward us, slows to take a corner and Polly leaps, hits, rolls. She lies still a moment, then starts to rise-

CUT TO:

POLLY, CU
sniffling, watching the car disappear, her dress torn and dirty-

CUT TO:

FLASHBULB
WHOOF! exploding-

CUT TO:

POLLY, CU
smiling bravely as another flashbulb explodes at her-

POLLY
Franklin. Polly Franklin.

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR, POLLY, SHERIFF, REPORTERS
the local sheriff escorting Polly down a hallway in his station house, unhappy that the cluster of big-city reporters following them are giving her all the attention-

JAKE LINGLE
Have you ever seen a picture of John Dillinger, Miss Franklin?

REPORTER #1
Forget it, Jakie, they're holed up in Wisconsin-

POLLY
I didn't get a good look at one o' these fellas-

SHERIFF
Wasn't Dillinger. Wasn't his style.

REPORTER #2
You an expert, Chief?

LINGLE
(interrupts Sheriff) So there's a possibility it could have been his gang?

POLLY
I just held on tight as I could-

REPORTER #3
Yesterday you had him in Wisconsin, Jakie. C'mon, the guy's only human-

The Sheriff pushes Polly in through the door to his office and blocks the reporters, irritated-

SHERIFF
I think you fellas got enough for now. Girl's all confused. Anything breaks I'll send a runner over to the ho-tel-

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF STATION HOUSE
the Sheriff sticks his head out, looks around, then lets Polly out. She takes a few steps-

JAKE
(steps behind her) Now there's a bird doesn't like to share the spotlight.

POLLY
(gasps) You scared me.

JAKE
A little girl who's tangled with the Dillinger gang, scared of me?

POLLY
I never said it was --

JAKE
(offers hand) Jake Lingle, Chicago Tribune. I'd like to interview you.

POLLY
I got to get home --

JAKE
We could talk on your way. Listen, I need a picture of you for the story --

POLLY
Didn't you get one before?

JAKE
Left my camera in the hotel room --

POLLY
I don't know. (She looks at her torn dress)

JAKE
(Takes her arm) It's a shame you ruined your dress like that ---

INT. HOTEL ROOM
Polly is undressing with her back to Jake. She wears her slip, and is putting on the red dress. Jake watches her, then comes behind her, touches her hair softly. Polly stands tense.

JAKE
Have you ever had a man?

POLLY
Had one? No.

JAKE
You're kidding. At your age? (grins) You ever want one? You ever want somebody to put their arms around you, somebody to talk sweet to you?

POLLY
My father, he --

JAKE
You can't be his little girl forever. You know what men and women do together?

POLLY
They say it's sposed to hurt --

JAKE
Not with me, honey. Not with me.

DISSOLVE TO:

POLLY
crawling on the hotel room floor, searching for her things and holding back tears --

POLLY
It hurt me. It still hurts.

Polly finds her old dress, starts to put it on, keeping her back to the bed --

CUT TO:

JAKE
lying in bed, rolls his eyes --

JAKE
That's cause you tensed up, kid. You gotta rolls with it. Same as anything.

POLLY

POLLY
What happens now?

JAKE
Now it's time for all good little girls to go back home to their daddies. I got to get cracking on that story.

POLLY, CU
waiting by the door, trying not to bust into sobs again --

JAKE
(off) You forget somethin?

POLLY
(turns) You was gonna take my pitcher.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE, PREACHER
sitting in a rocker, grim. The radio beside him has the Carter Family singing 'Keep on the Sunny Side.' We hear the pick-up pull in outside --

CUT TO:

ROCKER
slowly moving back and forth by the preacher's foot, then stops-

CUT TO:

POLLY
easing the front door open, carrying her new dress in a box. She freezes-

CUT TO:

BELT
doubled in the preacher's hand. He snaps it against his leg. We TILT UP to see his face- set, fierce-

CUT TO:

POLLY, CU
terrified-

POLLY
They robbed the bank, father-

CUT TO:

PREACHER
raising the belt to strike her-

PREACHER
Whoo-er.

CUT TO:

RADIO
playing on as the first blow smacks down and Polly screams-

CUT TO:

CHICKENS
rustling awake, heads bobbing to hear the screams and shouts from the main house-

CUT TO:

PHOTOGRAPH
of Polly's mother, a black ribbon of mourning across one corner. We hear a final succession of blows, Polly whimpering now, then footsteps and a door slamming-

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE, WINDOW
the red dress hurled from it, the window slammed shut-

CUT TO:

DRESS, CU
it flutters to the ground and settles in a small puddle-

DISSOLVE TO:

ROAD, NIGHT, POLLY
lit by the headlights of an oncoming truck, hitching. She carries a worn, cardboard suitcase, is dressed in coveralls with a cap pulled over her hair. The truck stops beyond her --

CUT TO:

TRUCKER
glancing over at Polly as he drives--

CUT TO:

TRUCKER, POLLY

TRUCKER
Where you headed?

POLLY
Chicago.

CUT TO:

NEEDLE
of an industrial sewing machine fluttering up and down as a piece of cloth is pushed under it-

CUT TO:

INT. SWEATSHOP
twenty women crammed into a tiny loft, sewing piecework on machines. Needles bobbing, spools turning, pieces tossed into baskets, women stooped over their work -

CUT TO:

PATEK
the sweatshop foreman swaggering down an aisle of working women. He pauses by MAE and squeezes her breast. She gives him a forced smile -

CUT TO:

POLLY & ROSE
their machines side-by-side. ROSE SHIMKUS is about Polly's age, tough-looking, dark. She is twice as fast as Polly at the machine. She talks out of the side of her mouth-

ROSE
You okay?

POLLY
I'm gettin' dizzy-

ROSE
You got to make yourself part of the machine, do everything in rhythm and it goes easy.

POLLY
What's <u>he</u> like?

CUT TO:

PATEK AND MAE
Patek still copping a feel-

ROSS
(off)
Patek? He's a first-class putz. Be careful if he gets too friendly, you'll end up like Mae.

POLLY
(off)
She don't seem to object.

ROSE
(off)
She gave up that right a long time ago.

Patek looks up, sees them, yells-

PATEK
Hey! Cut out the jaw-action there, this ain't a tea-room!

He stalks over to Rose and Polly, looks in Polly's basket-

PATEK
You're not doin so hot, new girl.

POLLY
Just gettin used to this machine-

PATEK
Don't make excuses, just do it right.

He grabs Rose's basket, looks through it, then throws it down-

PATEK
And you, girlie, keep your yap closed. I got my eye on you.

Rose glares at him as he walks away. She reaches into her basket and tosses a couple completed pieces into Polly's-

ROSE
You don't put out moren that he'll can you. You'll get better, just hang on.

POLLY
Thanks.

ROSE
(offers her hand)
Rose Shimkus.

POLLY
(shaking)
Polly Franklin.

DISSOLVE TO:

MACHINE NEEDLE
bobbing rapidly-

DISSOLVE TO:

WOMEN
bent over their work-

DISSOLVE TO:

CIRCUIT BREAKER
a large pull-switch on the wall. We ZOOM OUT as Patek pulls it open.

PATEK
Okay ladies, school's out!

CUT TO:

STAIRWAY, POLLY
descending with other girls, Patek catches her arm from behind-

PATEK
What's your name, new girl?

POLLY
Polly.

PATEK
(smiles)
It's like this, Polly. I can be a very good friend to have. You wanna be my friend, Polly? You just got to stay on my good side, understand?

He takes her chin in his hand, moves closer-

POLLY
I think so.

PATEK
Course you do. All the girls understand.

He pinches her cheek, leaves her frowning on the stairs-

CUT TO:

SIDEWALK, POLLY
sprawling to the pavement, her nose bleeding-

CUT TO:

POLLY, MAE
Mae standing over her, enraged-

MAE
You want more?

POLLY
Whud I do to you?

MAE
You know damn well, you little twitch! You stay away from him-

POLLY
What?

ROSE
(arriving)
She means Patek. Her meal-ticket.

MAE
Butt out, Kike.

ROSE
Is it worth it, Mae? Couple pennies more a week?

MAE
Just make sure she stays clear of him, that's all. I'll her fuckin heart out.

Mae stalks away, Rose helps Polly up-

CUT TO:

POLLY AND ROSE, BY RAILROAD TRACKS

ROSE
You believe that? Fightin over a work like Patek. You okay?

POLLY
Uh-huh.

ROSE
Where you stayin honey?

POLLY
Here an there. I'll find a place.

ROSE
What you gonna use for cash?

POLLY
I got a job now-

ROSE
Sure, you'll be makin six, seven dollars a week, you got the world by the balls-

CUT TO:

POLLY AND ROSE
Moving in together, 'Dream a Little Dream of Me' on the track. We seen them arranging their tiny apartment, Polly tacking up a magazine picture of Ronald Coleman, cooking on a hotplate, at work sticking their tongues out as Patek passes - having a great time together-

CUT TO:

POLLY AND ROSE
Rose pinning up a dress Polly is wearing, Polly standing on a chair-

POLLY
I never believed none of that my father said. About Jews.

ROSE
Huh?

POLLY
Bout you killin Christ an all.

ROSE
Hey, don't look at me, I wasn't even in the neighborhood.

CUT TO:

EXT. THEATRE
Polly and Rose leaving a theatre playing 'Dinner at Eight'. Polly has taken on some of Rose's tough speech and mannerisms-

ROSE
You really eat that high society stuff up, don't you?

POLLY
I got the hots for John Barrymore, so what?

ROSE
We live in a Wallace Beery world, that's what.

POLLY
A girl can dream, can't she?

ROSE
Sure you can dream. You wanna come to the party meetin?

POLLY
I heard enough preachin from my father.

ROSE
It isn't preachin, it's politics.

POLLY
Now who's dreamin?

ROSE
It could be a chance to make some changes-

POLLY
I'll keep the hall light on.

CUT TO:

STREET, POLLY, RED AND CURLY
two men in dark suits and green fedoras questioning Polly-

POLLY
What about her?

CURLY
Oh, we'd like to know what she talks about, who she sees-

POLLY
Are you guys cops?

RED
Sort of.

POLLY
Sort of ain't good enough. Good night-

RED
Don't get tough with us, sister, we'll-

CURLY
Easy, now, Red, it ain't the time. Just tell your roommate a couple gentlemen from the Industrial Squad called. She'll understand.

Polly watches them go, frightened-

CUT TO:

SWEATSHOP
women working-

CUT TO:

POLLY AND ROSE
checking out Mae as they work. Mae looks dizzy at her machine-

ROSE
She shouldn't be working, she looks bad-

POLLY
That's her lookout.

Mae suddenly stands and hurries out the room-

ROSE
Oh my God.

CUT TO:

MAE'S CHAIR
a smear of blood on it-

CUT TO:

POLLY AND ROSE
Rose jumps up and hurries after Mae, Polly sits frozen at her machine, not knowing what to do-

CUT TO:

PATEK

PATEK
Hey you! Shimkus! Back to your machine!

INT. BATHROOM
Mae sits on the floor, in pain, as Rose squats by her-

ROSE
What did you do, honey, what did you do?

MAE
(sobbing)
He said it wasn't his. He said he'd deny it in court.

ROSE
What did you do to yourself?

PATEK
(off, banging on door)
Hey, open up in there!

ROSE
(shouts)
Beat it!

PATEK
(off)
Don't push your luck, girlie-

ROSE
Go call and ambulance!

PATEK
(off)
Ambulance?

CUT TO:

PATEK
hurrying back to the phone on the wall of the workroom. The machines are silent, the women watching him. He notices, turns to face them-

CUT TO:

WORKROOM, WOMEN, PATEK
a long shot of him across the women at their machines-

PATEK
Back to work! Alla yuz!

CUT TO:

WOMEN
one by one they resume their sewing, casting their eyes down away from each other-

CUT TO:

POLLY
the last hold-out, but she, too, scared, begins to sew-

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM
Rose is holding Mae in her arms.

ROSE
What did you use?

MAE
A knitting needle-

ROSE
Oh honey, you should of said something, there's places you could go-

MAE
Everybody hates me here, I didn't have anyone to ask. I didn't have no friends-

ROSE
Easy, honey, easy-

DISSOLVE TO:

STREET, AMBULANCE
Mae being loaded into the back on a stretcher, Rose giving her hand a last squeeze-

CUT TO:

WINDOWS, WOMEN
the sweatshop working staring down at the scene, talking in hushed voices-

CUT TO:

POLLY
alone, looking down-

CUT TO:

INT. WORK ROOM
the girls at the windows, Patek, hurrying back in with two men in green fedoras-

PATEK
Show's over, ladies, back to work!
Let's go!

The women slowly move toward their machines, grumbling. They sit, machines whir into action-

CUT TO:

POLLY
about to sit, sees-

CUT TO:

PATEK, MEN, POLLY'S POV
the two men are Curly and Red. They exchange a few words with Patek, then move out the door-

CUT TO:

POLLY
reacting, she looks around her-

CUT TO:

WOMEN, POLLY'S POV
sewing as if nothing has happened-

CUT TO:

POLLY
she walks over to a window, looks down-

CUT TO:

STREET BELOW, ROSE, RED AND CURLY
the two Industrial Squad men are confronting her-

PATEK
(off)
Hey you!

CUT TO:

WORKROOM
Patek hollering across the room

PATEK
I said back to your machines!

Polly advances up the aisle at Patek, the women look on in fear-

POLLY
You got rid of both of em, didn'tcha, Patek? You sent Mae to the hospital and Rose to the Red Squad.
(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)
We're all replaceable, ain't we, Patek, one part gets squeaky and you yank it out-

PATEK
You're fired, sweetheart, take a walk.

POLLY
Somebody don't want your grubby paws on em they lose their job. Big fuckin man, pushin a lotta hungry girls around-

PATEK
You go quiet, girlie, or I throw you out on your ear-

POLLY
(grabs a pair of pinking shears, braces herself)
You try it, big man.

There is a long pause. The women have all stopped working, their machines silent. Patek looks around, furious-

PATEK
Did I say to stop workin? Put them machines on!

WOMAN
Fuck you, Patek!

PATEK
(whirls)
Who said that?

CUT TO:

WOMEN
staring back at him, unsure for a moment, then a middle-aged woman stands-

WOMAN
I said it.

Another woman stands-

WOMAN
I said it.

And another-

WOMAN
I said it, whatta you gonna do about it?

Women begin standing all over the room, shouting that they said it, then one hurls her basket at Patek-

CUT TO:

PATEK
covering himself from a stream of flying projectiles, the women cursing him-

CUT TO:

RIOT
baskets hurled, sewing machines ripped from tables and thrown on the floor, woman ringed around Patek, kicking

CUT TO:

STREET, ROSE, RED AND CURLY
the agents have her handcuffed against a car. There is a cry from above, they look up-

POLLY
Rosie! Rosie, up here!

CUT TO:

WINDOWS, CLOTHING
hundreds of pieces of material fluttering from the windows as the women throw them out - yards of muslin and percale unravelling, floating down - the women cheering. It's like a ticker-tape parade-

CUT TO:

ROSE
smiling up-

CUT TO:

POLLY
smiling down at her friend, joyously dumping a basket of piecework-

DISSOLVE TO:

JUDGE HOFFMAN, CU
a red-faced judge, wearily holding court-

JUDGE
Rise for sentencing.

CUT TO:

COURTROOM
Polly in the dock with her appointed lawyer, other cases waiting in the seats behind her-

JUDGE
(yawns) In view of the defendant's tender years, clean record and decision to spare this court the expense of a trial I hereby find her guilty of all counts and render her a suspended sentence. Keep your nose clean, dear. (bangs gavel) Next!

CUT TO:

ROSE, DEFENDER
he is hustling her out of the courtroom. She is confused.

POLLY
I don't get it- if I'm guilty-

DEFENDER
They're only interested in your friend, an they already got her.

POLLY
Rose.

DEFENDER
Drew six months on the county, inciting to riot. Consider yourself fortunate.

The lawyer walks away from her. She stands confused, angry-

POLLY
Sure. I lead a charmed life.

CUT TO:

EMPLOYMENT LINE
a pair of bureaucrats handling a line of men and women, writing in ledgers-

CUT TO:

POLLY, CLERK
Polly's turn at bat-

CLERK
This is your first visit?

POLLY
My first visit today.

CLERK
Occupation?

POLLY
I'm a dancer.

The clerk looks up at her.

CLERK
Name?

POLLY
(deadpans)
Ruby Keeler.

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE HALL, BAND
a four man combo droning out 'Heartaches'

CUT TO:

POLLY, GRACE
the band plays behind them.

GRACE
-and I run it clean. I find out you have been chippyin on the side and you'll hit the street, get it?

POLLY
Yeah, sure.

GRACE
I don't let in no Greeks, Chinks, or Philipinos no matter how much jack they got. A girl can make a good honest livin here, only she's got to be straight with me, get it?

POLLY
I get it.

GRACE
We'll have to find something for you to wear. And them clodhoppers ain't gonna make it-

DISSOLVE TO:

DANCE FLOOR
only one girl on it, with an old man holding a string of tickets. They shuffle to the band doing 'It Isn't Fair'

CUT TO:

POLLY, SOPHIE, MADGE
Polly in a short red dress, watching Madge, standing on Sophie's shoulders, unscrewing a light bulb at the back of the hall-

MADGE
The old hawk don't see so good if it's dark. We can steer the suckers back here.

POLLY
For what?

MADGE
(hopping down)
To make a livin, honey, what else?

POLLY
You get half of every ticket, don't you?

MADGE
(laughs)
She's gonna make a million, this one. A nickel at a time...

SOPHIE
Look, a sucker wants a little slow grind, that's okay, he wants to get busy with his hands, that's okay too. Long as he pays. He wants to make a date for later- well, that's up to you.

MADGE
Every night we unscrew the bulb, every mornin she screws it back in. You'd think she'd give up.

CUT TO:

DANCE FLOOR, POLLY
each time we see her trudge by with a man he is older, poorer. The band's numbers get slower and slower- 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes' to 'Deep Purple' to 'For All We Know.' Polly sees other girls steering men into the dark area. She sees Madge with her hand down a sailor's pants, winking and waving a two-dollar bill behind his back.

DANCE FLOOR, POLLY
late, only Polly holding up an old bum on the floor to a weary 'Stars Fell on Alabama.' Madge passes, carrying her shoes-

MADGE
Carry him another round and you get the decision.

CUT TO:

GRACE, POLLY
counting the tickets- Polly is wasted-

GRACE
Deduct two bits credit on the dress, two bits on the shoes, two bits tip for the fellas in the band, you got ninety-five cents. That's a nice start.

Polly looks at her speechless.

CUT TO:

POLLY, MADGE, IN FOYER
Polly limping a bit-

MADGE
Soak em good an be sure to prop em high when you go to sleep or they'll swell up on you-

POLLY
Ninety-five cents.

MADGE
Did I tell you or what? You got to make it on the side, that's the way it's set up. What, you think guys come in there to <u>dance</u>?

CUT TO:

DANCE FLOOR, POLLY
one night slow-dissolving into the next.

We see her poker face, her shuffling feet, sees her move a man's hand off her bottom without breaking step, see her shake her head no to a man's furtive whispering in her ear. We see her being paid by Grace in loose change-

CUT TO:

DAY, EXT. THEATRE
Polly looking up at the marquee, playing 'She Done Him Wrong.' She looks in her change purse, sighs, walks on-

CUT TO:

DANCE FLOOR
Polly dancing close to a beefy man to 'Stars Fell on Alabama.' He whispers in her ear, she nods and begins to dance him toward the dark at the back- passing Sophie with her partner. Sophie mutters-

SOPHIE
Atta girl, you're gettin smart-

CUT TO:

POLLY, MAN
in the near darkness-

POLLY
Cash up front, honey. House rules.

MAN
(smiles) Sure. No sweat.

He pulls out a bill, Polly reaches-

CUT TO:

POLLY'S HAND
as a handcuff is slapped over her wrist-

CUT TO:

POLLY, MAN
Polly is shocked. The man waggles a badge at her-

MAN
Sorry kid. Justice is swift.

POLLY
Aw Jesus, why pick on me?

MAN
Most guys would of waited till after the hand-job. Come quiet and I'll put a word in with His Honor.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON, WOMEN
two dozen naked women lined up stretching their hands over their heads a prison matrons frisk them-

CUT TO:

LINE
we follow a matron down the line, looking in each woman's mouth, feeling in each one's hair. We hold on Polly, trying to look tough as the matron frisks her and passes on-

CUT TO:

TINY ALICE
a huge, mean-looking prison matron. She smiles-

ALICE
Ladies, if I might have your attention?

CUT TO:

ALICE, WOMEN
she walks the length of the line as if reviewing troops-

ALICE
My name is Alice. When addressing me you will say 'Yes M'am' and 'No M'am.' If you think you can get around me, if you think you can hide anything from me
(waggles her greased finger)
even up your keisters, you'd better think twice. From now on I rate top-billing in all your nightmares - now bend over and spread em wide!

CUT TO:

LINE, POLLY
muttering to the woman beside her-

POLLY
I've heard of the long arm of the law, but this is ridiculous.

CUT TO:

SHOWER STALL
a chute with drains on the floor, matron on either side spraying each girl down as she is herded through. Alice supervises-

ALICE
Next!

CUT TO:

POLLY
in the chute, trying to cover her eyes, blasted by disinfectant-

ALICE
(off)
Next!

LINE OF WOMEN
receiving smock-like gray dresses from a bored matron-

POLLY
I'd like a size seven, please/

The matron hard-eyes her, hands her the one on top of the pile-

POLLY
Don't hurt to ask.

CUT TO:

LARGE CELL, WOMEN
on the inside watching Polly's group of arrivals marched in and assigned to cells-

WOMEN
Fresh meat! Here they come, fresh meat!

The women catcall and heckle as newcomers are cut out from the group and put in the ten-bunk-bed cells. The new girls carry a basin, towel, toothbrush and bar of soap. Polly and another girl are cut into a cell. Polly moves toward an empty lower bunk, but the woman on the upper bars her way-

WOMAN
It's reserved.

POLLY
Well, I'm not sleepin on the floor.

WOMAN
(pointing)
There's one open back there. With the lunger.

We hear coughing from the back, Polly walks toward it-

CUT TO:

BUNK
a woman lies with her face to the wall, coughing violently-

POLLY
You mind if I bunk here?

The woman slowly turns to face Polly. It's Rose, looking half-dead. The women look at each other a long moment-

ROSE
Who's your tailor?

Polly sits and they hug each other, crying-

DISSOLVE TO:

DAYROOM, POLLY AND ROSE, INMATES
Rose coughing, pointing out their neighbors. We see each as she is identified. The women listlessly play checkers, read old magazines, fuss with each other's hair, just sit-

ROSE
That one's in for boosting,
That one's a car thief-
She's a hooker-
Another hooker- she's dopey too-
She writes bad paper-
Hooker-
Hooker-
She hit a cop evictin her family-
Phony dead-an-dumb racket-
Cut her husband up-
Hooker-

CUT TO:

GIRL
a young girl sits smiling, cradling an imaginary baby-

ROSE
(off)
And that one killed her baby.

POLLY
(off)
Why'd she do that?

ROSE
(off)
Says it wouldn't stop cryin. She was stuck in a little hole of a room and it got to her finally. The cryin. The neighbors started to smell it outside and called the cops.

DISSOLVE TO:

LAUNDRY
Polly, Rose and others pulling armfuls of wet sheets from wash vats and feeding them into a huge mangle a black woman cranks with both hands. It is steamy, everyone is dripping. Tiny Alice watches-

ALICE
Nigger gal! Can't you turn it faster!?

LIZA
At's the speed them sheets is comin at.

ALICE
Hear that ladies? Nigger gal says you're sluffin off on the job. What you think of that?

ROSE
Leave her alone.

ALICE
Did I hear something?

ROSE
You got ears. M'am.

ALICE
It would be you. The sheeny stickin up for the nigger. I don't know if I should let you stay in here with these white gals, Shimkus. Somethin don't seem right about it.

ROSE
I feel sorry for you.

SMACK! Alice slaps Rose hard. Polly starts toward them but Rose motions her back. She looks Alice in the eye.

ROSE
Anything else?

ALICE
You just bought yourself a week in the cooler, girlie. That don't count towards your sentence. You're gonna be in here so long you'll think you're the warden.

She marches Rose away, yells back-

ALICE
Keep crankin, ladies, I'll be back!

POLLY, WOMEN
watching them go-

POLLY
What's the cooler?

LIZA
It's cold an it's dark and most the time there's water on the floor. An you all by yourself. Tiny Alice gonna kill that child, puttin her down in there. She gonna kill that child.

CUT TO:

POLLY
standing in Alice's office. Alice doing paperwork, she doesn't look up to acknowledge Polly-

POLLY
You wanted to see me?

Now Alice tilts back her chair and looks Polly over like a piece of meat-

ALICE
I've been watching you. I think you've got too much sense to be in his dump.

POLLY
Is that a compliment?

ALICE
Look, girlie, we can play ball or we can fight. If we fight, I'll win. The sooner you blow wise to that the better. Now - has anybody explained the furlough system to you?

POLLY
Don't waste your time, I don't have a red cent. Inside or out.

ALICE
I could arrange certain terms-

POLLY
I never buy on credit.

ALICE
(sighs) And I thought you looked smarter than your friend.

CUT TO:

CELL, POLLY, NIGHT
the women lie still on their bunks. We hear a woman in another distant cell screaming about something. There is a rattle at the cell door-

CUT TO:

POLLY
waking to see an inmate ushering Rose back into the cell-

INMATE
(whispers, excited) Dillinger busted out of the can today. Pass it on.

The women in the dark cell begin to buzz 'Dillinger escaped, Dillinger escaped' in whispers as Polly slides down and puts her arms around Rose, shivering and coughing-

ROSE
I'm so cold, Polly. I'm so cold.

Polly wraps her in a blanket, holds her tight-

POLLY
You're all right, honey, you're with me now.

There is a cheer from a distant cell and the news of Dillinger reaches them-

DISSOLVE TO:

CORRIDOR, POLLY, ROSE, OTHERS
on their knees scrubbing the floor, Rose coughing violently. Tiny Alice and another matron arrive. Alice stands over Rose0

ALICE
Afternoon, ladies. My but that's a nasty cough.

POLLY
She oughta be in the infirmary.

ALICE
I'm not talking to you.

Rose keeps scrubbing. Alice begins to tip her bucket with her foot, Polly watching tense. Alice pushes it all the way over, the water swamping around Rose. She begins to cry, too weak to get up-

MATRON
Ooops-

ALICE
On your feet, Shimkus. I said on your feet.

POLLY
(rising)
That's enough.

CUT TO:

POLLY, ALICE
Polly is holding her bucket in two hands, glowering-

ALICE
What do you think you're gonna do with that?

POLLY
I think I'm gonna cram it up your ass. Sideways.

Polly throws the water on Alice, then swings the bucket over her head-

CUT TO:

FIGHT
A brutal, strangely quiet fight between Polly, Alice and the other matron. The other inmates watch silently and move out of the way. They get the bucket from Polly, slipping and crashing to the wet foot, and Alice pins her under her. The other matron stands on Polly's hands while Alice slaps her face over and over, and Rose watches helplessly-

CUT TO:

INT. COOLER, DARK, POLLY
sitting on a stool in the tiny cell, humming 'Paper Moon.' Keys jangle in the cell door, light floods in as it opens, then it cut off by Alice's bulk- she comes and stands over Polly-

ALICE
You drew yourself another three months. And that's just for starters, girlie.

POLLY
How much?

ALICE
(smiles) My girls on furlough usually send me ten a week. But you've been stubborn, it'll be fifteen. You miss a payment I have the nabs run you in and we start from scratch.

POLLY
I want Rose to finish out her time in the infirmary.

ALICE
That'll be twenty a week. You know how to make that kind of money?

POLLY
I got an idea.

ALICE
I'll bet you do. (hands her a slip of paper) Here's an address. She'll set you up nice, and someone'll be around once a week for my cut.

Polly looks at the paper-

POLLY
Orleans Street-

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO SNOWY STREETS - LONG SHOT (STOCK SHOT)
WHOREHOUSE DOORWAY
Anna Sage opening, sees-

POLLY
Anna Sage?

ANNA
Who wants to know?

POLLY
Tiny Alice sent me.

Anna looks at her, nods, opens the door wider-

ANNA
In that case, welcome to the club.

DISSOLVE TO:

PARLOR
Satin, a pretty 'high-yellow' prostitute, is showing Polly around. Couches, gaudy lamps, a piano, and a small bar behind which OLD POPS GEISSLER is drying glasses-

SATIN
You bundle some good shoes and your street clothes and leave in the back hall, case there's trouble. Now when a john picks you out you get a ticket from Pops here- green is two dollar, blue is five dollar and red is ten. Pops knows all the johns, knows what league they're in-

POLLY
What's the difference between them?

SATIN
All in their mind, baby, all in their minds. They pay Anna direct, and at the end of the night you cash in your tickets-

CUT TO:

BEDROOM
A bed, bedstand, dresser. Polly sits on the bed putting on a red satin shift while Satin lays equipment out beside her- a basin, bottle of disinfectant, a tube of K-Y Jelly-

SATIN
Permanganate and water in the basin- they be towels here tonight. Scrub 'em down, now, don't take no excuses. An you wants to grease yourself up good first couple nights - oh yeah, they's some Cokes in the dresser.

POLLY
Whyn't you keep in the icebox?

SATIN
Baby, they not for drinkin.

CUT TO:

NIGHT, PARLOR, GIRLS AND GUESTS
lounging, drinking, listening to PINETOP, a black piano player who works in the style of Fats Waller-

CUT TO:

PINETOP
playing and singing 'Them There Eyes'

CUT TO:

ANNA, BILL
Anna steering a trick across the parlor to Polly sitting in her teddy-

ANNA
-right straight off the farm. In fact her old man was a preacher-

BILL
This is the first time?

ANNA
Well, she's been broken, but she hasn't been broken in. Polly, honey, I'd like you to meet Bill-

Polly rises, smiling-

CUT TO:

PARLOR BAR
Polly getting her green tag from Pops, Bill leading the way upstairs. Satin calls after her-

SATIN
Break a leg, baby.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM
Bill is naked on top of Polly, who is still half-dressed-

CUT TO:

POLLY, CU
turns her head to the side as he moves on her, she's in a bit of pain and her responses lack conviction-

BILL
And your daddy was a preacher? In the country?

POLLY
Uh-huh.

BILL
Is that good, honey? Is that good?

POLLY
I didn't know it would be like this.

BILL
Really? Do you feel that?

POLLY
Sure I feel it.

BILL
Where do you send the money? Back to your daddy?

POLLY
To my grandmother. She's sick.

BILL
Is that good? Is that nice?

POLLY
(flatly) Sure. I never had it so good.

BILL
Daddy. Call me Daddy.

POLLY
Daddy.

BILL
What's her name? Your old granny?

POLLY
Alice. Her name is Alice.

We PAN to a green tag hanging from a nail on the wall by the bed-

CUT TO:

PINETOP
playing and singing 'Ain't Misbehavin'

CUT TO:

POLLY AND SATIN
sitting beside each other on a couch, looking available-

SATIN
You got to holler more, baby, makes em think they setting a world's record. Give em somethin they can't get nowhere else.

POLLY
Yes. A lot of bullshit.

SATIN
Exactly. You got to be a prime bullshitter to survive, baby, specially with the freaks.

POLLY
Which ones are freaks?

Satin points-

CUT TO:

FROGNOSE, FRANK AND MOMO
entering from outside, doffing their pearl-gray fedoras and heavy winter coats. Frognose is an ugly customer, the other two are his 'boys.'

SATIN
(off)
That one. That one is Frognose an he's a freak's freak, baby.
(MORE)

SATIN (CONT'D)
He look your way you best try an fade into the wallpaper.

CUT TO:

POLLY AND SATIN

POLLY
He's so bad, why's Anna let him in?

SATIN
Cause he the man collects for the mob, baby. Anna got plenty of girls but she got but one neck.

ANNA
(off)
Polly-

CUT TO:

ANNA, KARL
Anna standing with another trick, an older man-

ANNA
Polly, I'd like you to meet Karl-

CUT TO:

BEDROOM
Polly overacting on top of Karl who looks a bit frightened-

POLLY
Oh Daddy! Oh Daddy! Oh oh oh! Oh God! Oh God help me, Daddy! Oh Daddy don't stop! Oooooooh!

WE PAN to a blue tag hung on the nail over the green one-

CUT TO:

BAR
Frognose with his arm around WYNONA, his boys flanking him, ragging Pops behind the bar-

FROGNOSE
Hey Pops! Somebody told me you used to rob banks. That so?

POPS
I pulled a few jobs.

FRANK
What, on horseback? You one of the James boys, Pops?

MOMO
Nah, how could he climbs up a horse?

FROGNOSE
Maybe he done it in a wheelchair. That right, Pops? You the famous wheelchair bandit?

FRANK
Whud you stick up? Five an dimes? Candy stores?

POPS
(mad now)
I onct help up the First Citizens Bank of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

FROGNOSE
Sure, Pops, sure. You're really Johnnie Dillinger in hiding, aintcha?

POPS
You ask em in Joliet. You ask em in McAlester, ask em in Leavenworth. They'll tell you bout Pops Geissler.

FROGNOSE
Next time I drop in I'll do that, Pops.
(shakes his head)
One thing more pitiful than a old con is a old whore.
(squeezes Wynona hard)
Ain't that right, sugar?

WYNONA
Right, Frognose.

CUT TO:

PINETOP
playing and singing 'I got a Right to Sing the Blues.' Satin passes by with a trick, and his face betrays a touch of jealousy- Polly passes by with a trick.

CUT TO:

SMACK! Frognose slaps Wynona hard-

FROGNOSE
You hear anybody else around here call me that? Huh? Then why'd you say it?

Wynona shrugs. SMACK! Frognose hits her again.

FROGNOSE
You're gonna make that up to me, sugar, in spades. Get your butt up them stairs.

Frognose pushes her toward the stairs, she moves obediently. Anna steps out smiling to smooth over the scene-

ANNA
All part of the show, folks! This round's on me!

There is a movement of guests towards the bar.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM, POLLY'S HAND
hanging another tag on the nail, now holding six or seven tags, mostly green. We PULL BACK to Polly in her teddy as someone knocks on the door-

VOICE
Anybody home?

POLLY
C'mon in.

Polly moves to the dresser as Jake Lingle pops into the room.

JAKE
Anna says she got a new girl-
(stops when he sees who it is)

POLLY
(her face hardens) Member me?

Jake nods, crosses to sit on the bed-

JAKE
Always nice to see a young girl find gainful employment.

POLLY
How much you poppin for?

Jake waggles a green tag-

POLLY
Figures. Don't bother takin your shoes off.

She picks up an open Coke-

JAKE
I'm in a bit of a rush myself-

POLLY
Sure. Just let me clear the deck.

She puts her thumb over the mouth and shakes the bottle, staring icily at Jake-

DISSOLVE TO:

BEDROOM, POLLY
later, sitting up in bed, staring into space, her make-up streaked with tears. Satin comes in and sits by her.

SATIN
You okay, baby?

POLLY
(sniffs) I'll live.

SATIN
Couple days and you won't be sore.
(fingers the tags on the wall)
Hey, you done real nice. You be outearnin all of us pretty soon.

Polly sniffs, stares-

SATIN
Anyways, like the sayin goes, now you over the hump.

Polly smiles, then laughs with Satin, a weary, helpless laugh-

CUT TO:

DAY, PINETOP & SATIN
laughing together on the piano bench, Pinetop playing softly-

CUT TO:

BAR
Anna and Polly sit with Three-Star Hennessy, a uniformed police captain. Polly's tags are on the counter, Anna demonstrating by cutting a sandwich into fractions-

ANNA
Fifty percent for the house, with twenty of that to this bum here - Polly Franklin, Captain Three-Star Hennessy. Polly made her debut last night.

HENNESSY
(a thick brogue) Pleased to meetcha, dare.

ANNA
I pay doctor bills, breakage, gas, electric, water, linen, salaries for Pops and Pinetop there, I pay Frognose for protection-

POLLY
(indicates Hennessy) What's he for then?

HENNESSY
I only protect her from police harassment.

ANNA
Frognose collects for Mr. Luciano-

HENNESSY
Very unpleasant fella- threatnin poor gorls with battry acid, breakin fingers, breakin legs-

ANNA
(chopping sandwich) He takes half of my cut and half of your cut-

POLLY
(lifting the remainder) So this is mine-

HENNESSY
Not quite, dare. I'll be collectin' for Tiny Alice.

He takes the piece, eats it. Polly sighs and brushes the crumbs off the counter-top.

CUT TO:

NIGHT, PARLOR, PINETOP
a full house again, Pinetop playing and singing 'Minnie the Moocher'

CUT TO:

ANNA
signaling to Polly to leave the trick she's with and come over-

CUT TO:

POLLY
hopping off a man's lap-

POLLY
Excuse me, Daddy. Nature calls-

She crosses the floor to Anna-

ANNA
You been rented for the night.

POLLY
What?

CUT TO:

TURK
a somber-looking man in a dark suit-

ANNA
(off) That one.

CUT TO:

ANNA & POLLY

ANNA
Pop's thinks he's a free-lance trigger. Name is Turk.

POLLY
What's the gonna do with me the whole night?

ANNA
That's your problem.

CUT TO:

PINETOP
still into 'Minnie and Moocher'-

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

Polly nervously shutting the door, Turk sitting on the bed, watching her stone-faced. Polly smiles -

POLLY
So tell me how you like it, Daddy.

TURK
Don't call me Daddy-

He pats the bed, Polly sits by him. He looks at her hard -

TURK
Don't call me Daddy and don't tell me how good I am. Can the act with me, get it?

POLLY
(scared)
Uh-huh.

TURK
You can start with a back-rub.

He turns and lies on his belly. Polly is confused.

POLLY
A back-rub?

CUT TO:

PINETOP

Singing and playing "Keepin Out of Mischief".

CUT TO:

SATIN

On a trick's lap -

CUT TO:

WYNONA

Dancing with a trick -

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

Polly and Turk naked, sitting up under the covers now -

TURK
I come up with this big smile, like they're my long lost brother, right - (smiles) then I reach out to shake and they figure we must know each other - go ahead, shake -

Polly takes Turk's hand and he whips a gun from under the covers and presses it to her breast. She gasps-

POLLY
Oh God! Oh Jesus! Where did <u>that</u> come from?

TURK
(lays gun aside)
You know, all them guys I hit, they prolly wondered the very same thing.

DISSOLVE TO:

STREET, POLLY, DAY
Polly walking on a rough-looking street, a dress-box under her arm. Suddenly her way is blocked by a skinny teenage boy, EDDIE. He is dressed in ratty clothes, a newsboy cap- Mickey Rooney with rickets.

EDDIE
What's your rush, sister?

POLLY
(annoyed)
Gimme a break, willya?

EDDIE
This is my street, sister. Be polite.

POLLY
Look, kid, it costs guys money just to <u>talk</u> to me-

EDDIE
I ain't buyin, I'm sellin. Pertection.

POLLY
I'm the most well-protected girl on the block.

EDDIE
(holds out hand)
C'mon, whatta you got on you?

SWAT! Polly hits him open-handed and he goes down in a heap. He starts to cry. Polly's anger turns to concern.

POLLY
Jeez, you're weak as a kitten. When's the last time you ate, kid?

EDDIE
Leave me alone.

POLLY
I know, you're one of the Dillinger gang, right? Another daring hold-up-

EDDIE
Scram.

Polly considers, then bends to help him up-

POLLY
C'mon, tiger. You're too dangerous to leave loose on the streets-

CUT TO:

KITCHEN
Anna examining the dress from Polly's box, while Pops dishes Eddie some stew. Eddie wolfs it down-

ANNA
I don't like it.

POLLY
What, you told me to buy one.

ANNA
I mean the kid.

POLLY
He could help out around here. He could help with the heavy liftin, right Pops?

ANNA
What heavy liftin?

POPS
He could help me clean.

EDDIE
(with a mouthful)
I could help clean-

ANNA
(shrugs)
Okay'. Room an board. But I catch you sniffin round the girls, buster, I'll personally cut it off.

Eddie's eyes bug -

POLLY
She uses the hedge-clippers.

ANNA
(tossing dress to Polly)
Get into this thing. You've got a party to go to.

CUT TO:

BAND, GAZEBO

A full swing band in tuxedos, playing "Night and Day" by a brightly decorated gazebo.

CUT TO:

PARTY

An attempt at a swank affair on the manicured grounds of a county estate. Dozens of sharply dressed hard-cases dancing and milling with dozens of prostates in evening gowns.

CUT TO:

POLLY AND SATIN

making their way through the crush, smiling to one and all.

POLLY
Who are these guys?

SATIN
Don't know all the names, baby, but there ain't a one of em makes an honest livin.

CUT TO:

BODYGUARDS

A contingent of heavyweights around the punch-bowl, eagle-eying each other, uncomfortable to be standing on grass.

CUT TO:

CHAMPAGNE
a bottle being uncorked, bubbling over-

CUT TO:

DANCERS
slow-dancing to 'Night and Day' - a lot more grinding than footwork-

CUT TO:

FROGNOSE, FRANK AND MOMO
arriving, greeting and being greeted-

CUT TO:

HENNESSY
dancing with a blond woman a foot taller than he is-

CUT TO:

GLADHANDER
a florid-faced man shaking hands with anybody within reach-

CUT TO:

POLLY AND SATIN
each with a dance partner clinging on-

POLLY
Who's the glad-hander?

SATIN
Huh?
(looks)

CUT TO:

GLADHANDER
beaming, pressing the fresh-

SATIN
(off)
That's the deputy mayor. Don't you read the papers?

POLLY
Not if I can help it.

CUT TO:

BAND
easing into 'Embraceable You'

CUT TO:

POLLY, MAN
her dance partner whispers in her ear, she nods, he leads her off-

CUT TO:

SHRUB GUARDEN
we move through a maze of topiaries, over couples in various stages of lovemaking on the ground. Pastoral bliss. Polly and her man pick their way to a clear patch of glass, are about to disappear behind the bushes when there is a loud, booming laugh. Polly turns, sees-

CUT TO:

WIDE MAN, POLLY'S POV
a very wide man with a girl on each side of him, shaking with laughter as one of the girls tries to untangle her dress from the shrubbery-

CUT TO:

POLLY
her man eases her down on her back, she closes her eyes-

CUT TO:

BAND
Playing 'Goodnight Sweetheart'

CUT TO:

GORILLAS, CU
two men in tuxedos and gorilla masks search among the bodies in the shrubbery-

CUT TO:

POLLY, CU
head averted from the man on top of her, she sees two pair of feet, both in spats, walking by her head.

We hold on her- BLAM! BLAM! We ZOOM OUT as Polly and her man jump at the shots-

CUT TO:

GORILLAS, WIDE MAN
the man staggers forward, naked and bloody, as the two pump bullets into him. He sprawls against one, knocking the mask aside. It is Turk.

CUT TO:

POLLY
seeing-

CUT TO:

TURK
catches her eye, then yanks the mask back in place. We ZOOM OUT to see him and his companion sprint away through the maze of bushes, shots ringing over their heads now as the bodyguards come running, the wide man left in a pool of blood-

DISSOLVE TO:

INTERROGATION ROOM, COPS, POLLY
Elliot Ness grilling her-

NESS
And after you heard the shots?

POLLY
I looked where they come from.

NESS
And you saw?

POLLY
I told you already, Mr. Ness. I saw two gorillas.

NESS
You didn't see the faces of one of them? Even for an instant?

POLLY
Hey, there was shots, people screamin.

NESS
Boys!

CUT TO:

COPS, TURK
a pair of cops escort Turk into the room. He stands poker-faced-

CUT TO:

ROOM

NESS
Was this one of the men?

Polly looks-

CUT TO:

TURK
deadpanning-

NESS
(off)
We're special agents, Polly. We can protect you.

CUT TO:

ROOM

POLLY
Nah. It wasn't him.

NESS
Are you positive?

POLLY
Sure I am. Who could forget a mug like that?

A faint trace of a smile shows on Turk's face.

CUT TO:

FLOWERS
a dozen roses in a box. We ZOOM OUT to see Polly in the parlor at night, reading the card-

CUT TO:

CARD
it reads-

"I owe you one - Turk"

CUT TO:

POLLY, ANNA
Anna is curious. Polly hides the note from her view-

ANNA
Secret admirer?

POLLY
Yeah. You might say that.

CUT TO:

DAY, WHOREHOUSE PARLOR, WOMEN
the brothel girls strung out in a low-kicking chorus line, shuffling and singing 'We're in the Money'

CUT TO:

POLLY
on the line, singing and dancing, having a good time-

DISSOLVE TO:

ROSE, CU
behind bars in the visitor's cage-

ROSE
And your dancin?

CUT TO:

POLLY, ROSE
Polly on the other side of the bars, dressed expensively-

POLLY
I'm movin over to the Chez Paree next week-

ROSE
That's a peel joint, isn't it?

POLLY
Well, some of the girls that don't have the talent, they gotta throw their bodies around. With me it's strictly tap. It ain't Broadway but it's a livin.

ROSE
You seen any men?

POLLY
It's kind hard, with a career and all-

ROSE
(teasing) C'mon, don't hold out of me.

POLLY
(shrugs)
Yeah. Sure. I see a few men.

CUT TO:

PARLOR, WOMEN

Sitting around knitting, reading movie magazines, playing with hairstyles. They are all bundled up against a cold morning.

REBA
And after they pulled the Des Moines job Dillinger gives her a mink chubby -

POLLY
Wish he'd give me one. I'm freezing my moneymakers off here -

WYNONA AND EDDIE

Eddie sullenly holding a skein of yarn for Wynona.

WYNONA
My Phil says we should give Anna an ultimatum - no heat, no work -

WOMEN

POLLY
He's an expert on not workin, that Phil -

WYNONA
That ain't so. He told me, he said 'Darlin, we're gonna save up and find us a nice little restaurant -'

REBA
We're gonna open a beauty parlor -

FRANCINE
We're gettin a candy store -

POLLY
(explodes)
I can't believe this!
(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)
Moonin over a two-bit stickup man an a bunch of sorry pimps like they're the Knights of the fuckin Round Table! They don't do a damn thing but dress sharp and piss away all the dough you earnt on your backs - name one thing they ever done for you without you footed the bill for it in the first place! One fuckin thing!

There is a stunned silence, the unspeakable spoken. Then a woman calls from the window -

APRIL
Hey, Francine, your Tommy's here! Out front in his new car! Hey!

The women drop what they're doing and hurry to the window, leaving Polly. Wynona pauses, puts her hand on Polly's shoulder-

WYNONA
I know what you're goin through. It's tough when you ain't got a guy to look after you.

Polly shrugs her hand off, Wynona walks away-

POLLY
Saps. Bunch of saps.

DISSOLVE TO:

NIGHT, PINETOP
playing and singing 'The Sunny Side of the Street'

CUT TO:

FROGNOSE AND WYNONA, FRANK AND MOMO
Wynona on Frognose's lap, drink in hand. He spreads his legs and dumps her on the floor, his flunkies laughing-

FROGNOSE
Where's that yella broad!? Hey! Where's that yella broad!?

CUT TO:

BAR

POLLY
He's on a mean one tonight.

POPS
In my day we'd of tossed him on the street and mailed him his teeth.

POLLY
It ain't your day no more, Pops.

FROGNOSE
(off)
Where's that yella broad!?

CUT TO:

SATIN
approaching Frognose and his men-

SATIN
You don't have to be hollerin, Mister, I can hear.

FROGNOSE
You been avoiding me, girl?

SATIN
Ain't been voidin nobody, Mister. Just been doin my job.

FROGNOSE
Then get your nigger ass up them stairs.

Anna appears, worried-

ANNA
Satin, honey-

SATIN
Don't worry. Day I can't handle the likes a him I best get out my needle an sew it shut. C'mon, Mister.

PINETOP
gives her a worried look as she passes, she winks at him-

DISSOLVE TO:

PINETOP
Pinetop singing and playing 'Willow Weep for Me'

CUT TO:

POLLY, MOMO AND FRANK
Polly on Momo's lap, Momo not interested-

POLLY
You positive you don't wanna go upstairs? Frognose wouldn't mind.

MOMO
His name ain't Frognose.

CUT TO:

EDDIE, REBA
flirting with Reba, Anna passes by and drags him away by his ear-

CUT TO:

WYNONA, KATHLEEN
dancing together, it's a slow night-

CUT TO:

FRANCINE, JAKE LINGLE
the reporter laughing and drinking at the bar with Francine-

CUT TO:

POLLY, FRANK AND MOMO
Polly on Frank's lap now-

POLLY
Now <u>you</u> like girls, don'tcha?

FRANK
There's a time an a place for everything.

POLLY
Well you got the time, an if this ain't the place-

Polly is almost dumped as the two snaps to their feet. Frognose hurries past, looking shaken as he buttons his shirt-

FROGNOSE
Let's blow this joint-

Polly watches them leave, frowns-

CUT TO:

HALLWAY
upstairs, Polly worries, finds the right door, knocks. No answer. She opens it, looks in-

CUT TO:

PINETOP
playing, smiling- then jerking to a halt as Polly screams upstairs-

CUT TO:

REACTIONS
we cut to Wynona, Eddie, Pops and Anna, see each react to the scream-

CUT TO:

BEDROOM - SHOCK CUT - SATIN'S BODY
spread eagled on the bed.

Hennessy, flanked by Anna, examines the body while two other cops hold onto the weeping Pinetop and a third holds the girls back from the door -

HENNESSY
Jaysus knows what he done to the gorl, Anna. She's bled to death.

ANNA
And Frognose?

HENNESSY
That's out of me hands, dare. But one of your johns phoned the papers. We'll have to close you down.

JAKE
(edging into the room) You won't have to worry 'bout my paper, Anna-

ANNA
Sure. You're in Frognose's pocket. (looks sadly at bed) I try to take care of my girls. I'm not big bargain as a person, maybe, but I try to take care of my girls.

HENNESSY
We'll all miss you, Anna. We surely will.

CUT TO:

BED
Hennessy covering Satin's body-

CUT TO:

POLLY
standing, staring at her dead friend-

CUT TO:

PINETOP
restrained by the cops, weeping-

PINETOP
My baby! He kilt my sweet baby!

CUT TO:

BROTHEL PORCH - SUMMER
Polly applying for work to a hard-faced madam-

POLLY
I mostly been a ten-dollar girl but I can handle the workin stiffs if you got room-

CORAL
Whose house were you in?

POLLY
Anna Sage's.

CORAL
(closing door)
Forget it.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER PORCH - SUMMER
same situation, different madam-

MINNIE
I'm sorry honey.

POLLY
What is this? The bottom drop out of the pussy racket?

MINNIE
The word is out on Anna Sage's girls, honey. Mr. Balducci wants you out of town.

CUT TO:

POLLY, STREETS - SUMMER

hustling on foot. Leaning in doorways, under street lights, hustling guys on the corner, climbing the steps to a fleabag hotel with some guy with his hand on her bottom-

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON KITCHEN
Rose and a half-dozen other inmates working at various other tasks. Alice stands over Rose's shoulder as she kneads bread dough. Rose coughs violently, trying to turn her head away from both Alice and the food-

ALICE
You're gonna poison us all, Shimkus-

ROSE
I'm careful.

ALICE
You like it in here, dontcha? Beats scrubbin the halls-

ROSE
(wearily) It's okay.

ALICE
'It's okay' she says. Don't sound too grateful-

ROSE
Look, I do my time and-

ALICE
Best friend out bustin her buns and she says 'It's okay'

ROSE
What?

ALICE
(realizes, smiles) She didn't tell you our deal?

ROSE
(confused) Polly's workin' a club-

ALICE
Polly's peddlin her ass, sweet thing, to keep you off my shit list. I put her in a house-

ROSE
(enraged) You're lyin!

ALICE
Why you think you're on the tit all of a sudden? She's taking on half of Chicago-

ROSE
You're a fuckin' liar!

ALICE
(gloating) They tell me she's a natural-

Rose lashes out and smacks Alice in the face, again and again- Alice is stunned at first that anyone would dare hit her- then grabs a rolling pin nearby, swings-

CUT TO:

INMATE
wincing as we hear the blow land and Rose cry out-

CUT TO:

ALICE, ECU
face twisted in hate as she strikes again and again-

CUT TO:

ROLLING PIN
bloody, falling to the floor and rolling to rest against Rose's life-

CUT TO:

ALICE
looking down at Rose, panting. She senses something, looks around the kitchen-

CUT TO:

INMATE
standing by the stove. She lifts a pot of boiling liquid from the stove and takes a step toward Alice, poker-faced-

CUT TO:

ANOTHER INMATE
hefting an iron skillet, moving in on Alice-

CUT TO:

ANOTHER INMATE
gripping a long serving fork, moving in-

CUT TO:

ALICE, INMATES
Alice scared, a half-dozen inmates moving in on her-

ALICE
You wouldn't dare. You wouldn't dare-

One of the inmates flings a panful of sizzling grease at Alice, it splatters her- she tries to scream for help but another inmate stops her mouth with a double handful of bread dough. A small woman jumps on her back, riding as Alice thrashes and bulls her way around the kitchen, food and utensils crashing and spilling as the inmates try to knock her down- hissing all the while 'Trip her! Trip her!' 'get her hands!' 'Over here, get over here!' An inmate sloshes a drum of cooking oil on the floor and Alice slips and crashes, pinning the inmate on her back under her. She grabs an iron skillet, rises to bash the inmate-

CUT TO:

MEAT FORK
a large, two-pronged meat fork flashing in an inmate's hand-

CUT TO:

CU ALICE
eyes popping, gasping as the fork sinks into her-

CUT TO:

INMATES
looking on, grim-

CUT TO:

ALICE
flopping onto her face, smeared with oil and bread dough, the fork sunk nearly to its hilt in her side-

DISSOLVE TO:

CEMETERY, MOURNERS
a handful of mourners, mostly young people wearing red armbands, stand by as a coffin draped in a red flag is lowered into the grave-hole--two hold a banner 'She Did Not Die in Vain'

CUT TO:

JAKE LINGLE
wanders over toward the group, curious. He sees a fellow reporter, goes to him and peeks over his shoulder at the notebook he writes in-

TIP
Hey, Jakie, what're you doin here?

JAKE
They're plantin one of my street snitches over to the Gentile section. (nods to the coffin) Who's the lady in red?

TIP
Some Bolshevist frail, cooled a prison matron in a riot. Be an empty soapbox in Bughouse Square-

Jakes sees something-

JAKE
Well, well- (moves away) catch you later, Tip.

CUT TO:

POLLY
standing off to one side, away from the other informers, on the verge of tears. Jake slides up to her-

JAKE
Friend of yours?

POLLY
Scram.

JAKE
C'mon, Polly, what's the scoop?

POLLY
I got nothin to say to you.

JAKE
How bout if I shoot you a five? That's you price ain't it?

He reaches to take her arm, Polly slaps him, hisses-

POLLY
You fuckin come near me I'll kill you! I swear I'll kill you!

She hurries away across the cemetery grounds. Jake shakes his head-

JAKE
Hookers.

DISSOLVE TO:

POLLY
Blow yourself.

JAKE
(takes her arm)
Whatsamatter?

Polly breaks away, hysterical in her rage-

POLLY
Don't you fuckin' touch me! You fuckin come near me I'll kill you! I swear to God I'll kill you!

She shoves away through the crowd. Jake looks to Tip, shrugs.

DISSOLVE TO:

KITCHEN, EDDIE
washing dishes-

CUT TO:

KITCHEN, POPS
at the stove. He scoops a hamburger off the grill, plops it on a bun, carries the plate to the pick-up window-

POPS
Yo!

CUT TO:

POLLY
dressed as a waitress, carries the plate down the counter and lays it in front of Anna. Anna checks her uniform out-

ANNA
It's you, kid.

POLLY
For what you're payin it better be me.

ANNA
(lifting bun off the burger)
Damn that Pops, he's makin em too big again.

POLLY
I really appreciate you carryin me-

ANNA
Forget it. I wisht I could of done something for the other girls.

POLLY
They gonna send you back to the old country?

ANNA
I got a hearing coming up.

POLLY
What's it like there?

ANNA
(shrugs)
Dull. All I remember eating is potatoes and eggplant, eggplant and potatoes. And all the jokes are somethin dirty about the livestock. They think that's a scream.

CUT TO:

RESTAURANT, POLLY
writing orders, balancing dishes, clearing tables, etc. as 'Heat Wave' plays on the track-

CUT TO:

POLLY
moving quickly, order-pad in hand-

VOICE
Oh Miss?

CUT TO:

BOOTH
JIMMY LAWRENCE is in his early thirties, dark, with a dazzling smile-

POLLY
I help you?

JIMMY
Coffee and a sinker, please.

POLLY
Sure thing.

JIMMY
I like your looks.

POLLY
(exits, rolling eyes) Oh Christ-

JIMMY
(calling after) Just thought I'd let you know.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER
Polly leaving after work. She's a few steps out the door when Jimmy joins her-

POLLY
I'll call a cop.

JIMMY
Easy, I just want to talk.

POLLY
I been slingin' hash all day, Mister, an' I don't have the energy for no palm-tickler with big ideas. So shove off, awright?

JIMMY
I been watching you a couple days now. You're all right.

POLLY
Sure.

JIMMY
You're not half as tough as you think you are.

POLLY
Try me.

JIMMY
You like the movies?

POLLY
Yeah. So what?

JIMMY
So do I. Only I hate to go alone. Would you like to go to a show with me?

POLLY
Whatta you, deaf? Beat it.

JIMMY
I'll treat you. I'll even buy the popcorn.

POLLY
You're a sport. Whad I ever do to deserve you?

JIMMY
If you want we can put the popcorn on the seat between us. You know what's playing down the block?

POLLY
You excaped from the bughouse, right? There's guys with butterfly nets on your tail-

CUT TO:

INT. THEATRE
the seat between Polly and Jimmy occupied by a box of popcorn. Roars and screams come from the screen. Polly is wide-eyed, Jimmy laughing-

CUT TO:

EXT. THEATRE
Polly and Jimmy exiting, the marquee shows 'King Kong'

POLLY
They shouldn't of brung him to New York like that. And them damn reporters with their flashbulbs-

JIMMY
If that girl hadn't-

POLLY
Hey, she didn't ask him to fall for her! She was just there, an he starts pawin her. Beauty killed the Beast, my ass. It was them reporters-

CUT TO:

BEDROOM
Polly on top of Jimmy, rocking him hard, angry-

POLLY
Aint you gonna ask is it good for me?

JIMMY
Why? I'm not worried-

Polly whacks into him harder-

POLLY
Size aint talent, smartass.

JIMMY
Jesus, kid, what is this? Dempsy and Firpo? It ain't a contest.

Polly is crying now, she hits him on the chest-

POLLY
What do you want from me?!

JIMMY
I want you should relax and enjoy yourself. What do you want from me?

POLLY
Nothin. I don't want nothin from your or nobody else.

JIMMY
Hey, don't be so tough. Tell me how you like it.

POLLY
(weeping) I don't know. Aint that a holler? I don't know how I like it.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE
Anna sitting nervously across from two grim-faced Immigration bureaucrats-

TURNER
And what was this arrest in Gary for?

ANNA
I don't remember.

LEWIS
February of 1929?

ANNA
Well, there was some kind of liquor thing-

TURNER
Violation of Federal statutes under the Volstead Act. Then August of '31, East Chicago-

LEWIS
Operation of a disorderly house. October of '31-

ANNA
Look, fellas, I admit I been a wrong character, but I'm gettin right now, I got this diner, it's a hunnert percent legitimate-

TURNER
Six counts of common prostitution between 1918 and 1924-

LEWIS
And then that Balducci affair-

ANNA
(startled)
What?

LEWIS
A death in your Orleans Street establishment in which a Mr. Rocco Balducci was involved-

ANNA
(scared)
Oh no you don't. No dice. Maybe you ship me off, but I go in one piece.

TURNER
(smiling)
If you were to- cooperate with us, to supply information about some of your underworld connections-

ANNA
You got the wrong girl. I got this terrible memory, see-

LEWIS
You remember Rumania, Mrs. Sage?

CUT TO:

INT. THEATRE
Polly finishing a box of popcorn. People sing 'The Man on the Flying Trapeze' from the screen. She looks across the empty seat at Jimmy, who grins as he watches. She shakes her head, not knowing what to make of him-

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT, DAY
Anna at the counter, Polly passing with an order-

ANNA
How's it goin, honey?

POLLY
Just fine. Me and Jimmy are takin the kid out tonight.

ANNA
Jimmy? That same guy?

POLLY
Yeah. He's okay, you know? There's something a little bit screwy about him, but he's okay.

ANNA
(shakes her head)
You girls never learn, do you?

CUT TO:

INT. THEATRE

Eddie sits between Polly and Jimmy, eating the popcorn. Pirates curse from the screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. THEATRE

marquee showing "Treasure Island", Jimmy and Eddie walking ahead, hitting it off, Polly behind, smiling.

EDDIE
I still think Long John was a good egg.

JIMMY
He wasn't square with the kid. Not once did he say, 'Kid, I'm a pirate, and here's how you do it.' He was always makin out to be somethin else.

EDDIE
Think of that one guy, marooned all them years.

JIMMY
Like solitary. Only with more room.

EDDIE
You ever done time?

JIMMY
Nah. I seen about it in pitches, though.

Polly gives him a long look.

CUT TO:

COUNTRYSIDE

Jimmy, Polly and Eddie driving down a country road.

CUT TO:

FIELD

Polly pitching a softball to Jimmy, who knocks one way over Eddie's head.

CUT TO:

FIELD

Polly pitching to Eddie, who lifts a long fly to Jimmy.

CUT TO:

POLLY

in the outfield, covers her head as a fly ball thuds behind her.

CUT TO:

JIMMY & POLLY
Jimmy demonstrating how to handle the bat-

JIMMY
You hold it so's you can read the label.

POLLY
Like this?

JIMMY
That's it. Take a cut.

Eddie pitches, Polly bangs one past him-

JIMMY
Another couple lessons and you'll be dangerous with that thing.

CUT TO:

GRASS
picnic remains all around them, Jimmy, Polly and Eddie sit reading the Sunday papers-

POLLY
What a headline-hog! Writin letters in to the paper-

JIMMY
How can you be sure it's really Dillinger that wrote it?

POLLY
Who else'd be that much of a jerk?

EDDIE
He's just playing with the coppers, that's all.

POLLY
It says here some poor guy almost got blasted last week, just for lookin like him.

EDDIE
He looks like a lot of guys. He even looks like you, Jimmy-

JIMMY
(laughs) Well I hope the Feds check my ID before they start shootin.

POLLY
You'd think he'd just hole up somewhere an play it safe insteada advertisin in the papers-

JIMMY
Yeah. You'd think so, wouldn't you?

CUT TO:

COUNTRY ROAD, CAR
speeding along, tires squealing on the turns-

CUT TO:

INT. CAR
Polly driving, Eddie looking nervous in the back seat, Jimmy watching Polly, amused-

POLLY
I used to take my old man's pickup into town twice a week. The faster I got there the more time I had to spend on my own.

JIMMY
You're pretty good.

POLLY
Good? I'm great. I didn't notice you breakin no speed records on the way out here.

JIMMY
(smiles)
Pull over.

CUT TO:

CAR
pulling off onto the shoulder-

CUT TO:

INT. CAR
Jimmy in the driver's seat now, motor idling-

JIMMY
Eddie, you wanna move over there, I got to see out the rear-

POLLY
(teasing)
What, you fraid of the cops?

Jimmy looks at her, smiles slowly, then patches out in reverse-

POLLY
HEY!

CUT TO:

INT. AND EXT. CAR, ROAD
Jimmy squeals into a 180 degree turn, heading them in the same direction as before but in reverse. Polly and Eddie grip the upholstery, terrified, as Jimmy races full tilt backwards on the winding country road, screeching around turns, kicking up shoulder dust, even passing a few startled Sunday drivers. He finally does another 180 degree and slows the car, heading forwards now-

EDDIE
Holy cripes!

POLLY
You coulda kilt us all.

JIMMY
Just a stunt. You get the feel of it it's just like goin forwards.

POLLY
Tell that to my stomach.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM
Polly lies beside Jimmy under the covers-

POLLY
Was it all right?

JIMMY
If you don't know for yourself, I can't tell you.

POLLY
I thought it was real nice.

JIMMY
Then it was.

A pause, then-

POLLY
I used to do it for a livin.

JIMMY
Yeah.

POLLY
(startled)
You know?

JIMMY
It don't make no never mind with me, kid.

POLLY
Sure-

JIMMY
I mean it. You gotta trust me.

POLLY
Why shouldn't it bug you like it would somebody else?

JIMMY
(struggling)
People do some crazy stuff when the screws are on em- it don't mean that's who they are. I done some things- well, you know. I mean you been real square with me an that's what counts.

POLLY
How'd you find out?

JIMMY
(shrugs)
You work for Anna Sage. She's got a name in this town.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM
Anna is sitting up in bed with Captain Hennessy. They look like a sedate married couple-

HENNESSY
We go back a long ways, Anna.

ANNA
That's why I come to you. They want me to throw em somebody- Nitti, Luciano, Frognose- somebody big.

HENNESSY
The Feds must be squeezin em.

ANNA
And they're squeezin me, but good.

HENNESSY
I don't know what to say, dare. For a while there Roger Touhy was fair game, but the mob has already settled his account. I'll kape me eyes open, though-

ANNA
They say I aint fit. They say I aint a citizen.

HENNESSY
(pats her hand) You jist have faith in me, darlin. Someone'll turn up.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER
Jake Lingle sitting at a stool as Anna comes out to serve-

ANNA
To what do we owe the honor?

JAKE
I heard the food was good. How's your Immigration beef coming?

ANNA
What's it to you?

JAKE
I'm a snoop, I like to know things. (sees) Say, who's that character?

CUT TO:

BOOTH, JIMMY
reading the paper-

ANNA
(off) Just a guy eats lunch here regular. He's sweet on Polly. You know him?

CUT TO:

ANNA, JAKE

JAKE
He oughta go in for our Johnnie Dillinger lookalike contest-

ANNA
Says he works at the Grain Exchange.

JAKE
Half the con-men in Cook County use that line.

ANNA
Sure. And the other half work for the Tribune.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM
Polly in bed while Jimmy paces the room in his undershorts-

POLLY
Where would you go?

JIMMY
California.

POLLY
What's out there?

JIMMY
Oh, they got the ocean. A whole coast of it. An some parts they got orange trees and cactusses an some parts they got them redwood trees an mountains. They got all that space to get lost in.

POLLY
You want to get lost somewhere?

JIMMY
(thinks)
Yeah. I do. I get itchy, you know, an it's like out there you got no history. You could be whoever you wanted.

POLLY
I'd want a house.

JIMMY
Sure. Up on a hill, lookin down at the water.

A long moment of silence. Jimmy turns, looks at Polly-

JIMMY
You wanna go?

POLLY
Huh?

JIMMY
Go to California. With me.

POLLY
(startled)
When?

JIMMY
Let's say- on, one week from right now. Why drag our feet? Anyhow, this town's too hot for me-

POLLY
You mean go there to stay?

JIMMY
If we like it.

POLLY
You're serious, aren't you?

JIMMY
Course I am. You an me.

She looks at him, excited, scared-

POLLY
I gotta think about it.

JIMMY
Sure. You think about it.

POLLY
I always wanted to see Hollywood.

JIMMY
(grins) Yeah. Me too.

CUT TO:

PHOTOGRAPH
of Polly and Jimmy at a fairgrounds-

ANNA
(off)
Eddie took it for em at the Exposition.

CUT TO:

NIGHT, INT. KITCHEN
Hennessy in pajama bottoms, just wakened, Anna in street clothes-

HENNESSY
(studying photo)
It's him. I been staring at mug shots of this bird for a year now. It's Dillinger all right.

ANNA
What do we do?

HENNESSY
See the right people, pick the right time, and presto- you're off the hook with the Immigration.

ANNA
The Feds?

HENNESSY
I know just the man.

DISSOLVE TO:

DAY, DINER
a slow, hot afternoon, Polly and Anna lounging on stools-

ANNA
You know anybody seen more men in action than I have? Well believe me, he's just another lug.

POLLY
Look, come on to the show with us tomorrow and get a closer look. He's different from them others, you'll see.

ANNA
Go out in this heat?

POLLY
Jimmy can't stand to be cooped up inside.
(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)
Look, I'm all turned around with this thing, I need somebody to tell me am I dreamin or what-

ANNA
Sure, honey. (distantly) I'll come.

CUT TO:

CITY PARKS, CARS
two cars parked at the edge of a park, figures standing between them in the dark. We TRACK IN to see it is Anna and Hennessy with FBI agent MELVIN PURVIS, a thin, jumpy Southerner-

ANNA
And the Immigration?

PURVIS
The Bureau will do what it can. Now this Franklin girl-

ANNA
(glancing to Hennessy) She'll be a big help. It was her first put the make on him.

HENNESSY
She'll be fine, sor-

PURVIS
My men could use something to pick you out in the crowd- tell this Polly to wear something special- a dress or a scarf- something bright-

ANNA
She always went for red, Polly-

CUT TO:

EARLY MORNING, INT. BEDROOM
Polly still under the covers, Jimmy up and dressing-

POLLY
Why can't I come?

JIMMY
Cause it's boring. Lotta guys yelling grain prices at each other.

POLLY
I want to see what you're like when you work.

JIMMY
This ain't me, it's all a big show.

POLLY
And when you're with me?

JIMMY
I can forget about the show. (looks at her) Say, you been thinkin about California?

POLLY
I been wonderin where the money's gonna come from.

JIMMY
Oh, I got a couple irons in the fire.

POLLY
(somber) You know, sometimes I feel like I don't know the first thing about you?

JIMMY
(shrugs) What's to know? I got two arms, two legs and I know all the words to 'Yes We Have No Bananas' (kisses her) Gotta run now, kid.

Jimmy blows out of the room. We slowly TRACK IN to Polly, worried about his fancy footwork-

CUT TO:

OFFICE, PURVIS, AGENTS
Purvis and a half-dozen G-men in shirtsleeves, swearing, a fan turning weakly. They check out their arsenal- handguns, rifles, a machine-gun-

PURVIS
He never goes out unarmed and he won't stop at taking hostages. Once we spot him, keep an eye on me-
(strikes a match)
When I light a match we move in, fast.

The phone rings-

CUT TO:

PHONE BOOTH

ANNA
Purvis? Tonight. Right, both of us an him. The Biograph-

CUT TO:

HENNESSY'S OFFICE
the captain on the phone, another cop, Powell, sitting in-

HENNESSY
-we'll do that, Mr. Purvis, don't you worry. Right, our lips are sealed. It's a pleasure working with you, Mr. Purvis.

He hangs up-

POWELL
Is it on, then?

HENNESSY
The Biograph.

POWELL
And if he doesn't have a gun?

HENNESSY
(smiles) He'll have one. (he opens drawer, pulls out the "plant" gun) Give Jakie Lingle a call.

BEDROOM
Anna waiting to go as Polly stands in her slip going through her closet-

POLLY
I never had nothin like him, you know?

ANNA
Sure, kid, sure-

POLLY
It's not like he's just some square fig, you know, Jimmy's been around the course, I can tell-

ANNA
Sure he has-

POLLY
I feel like I'm comin out from all the garbage, you know? Like I been buried and finally somebody come along to dig me out. Jimmy knows all about what I been, see-

ANNA
What's wrong with what you been? You worked in a knock-shop, so what?

POLLY
I don't mean nothin' against you, Anna, I just-

ANNA
(explodes) You been with scum and now you're better, is that it? Listen, girlie, you think you had it tough- I come here they drug me right off the boat an' put me in the harness. Land of opportunity. I worked naked in a crib for nickels and dimes, girlie, an' I kept the coins in my mouth 'cause I didn't have no <u>pockets</u>, see, so don't you come at me with no bullshit about-

POLLY
Hey what's wrong with you? All I said was I'm feelin' good!

ANNA
(calming) I just want you should know what I come from. So's you understand.

POLLY
Understand what?

ANNA
(recovered) Ah, nothin'. Just a broken-down old whole, getting a little punchy. What's wrong with your red one?

POLLY
(selecting a dress) I wore it the other night-

ANNA
It's the lightest thing you got. Listen, it's like an oven out there-

POLLY
(undecided) Ahh-

ANNA
And you look like a million dollars in it. Trust me.

Polly takes the red dress off its hook-

CUT TO:

EXT. BIOGRAPH, NIGHT
'Manhattan Melodrama' on the marquee, a few people passing by-

CUT TO:

AGENTS
a pair of G-men strolling by, eyes glued to the theatre-

CUT TO:

AGENTS
another pair of agents across the street, half hidden in the doorway-

CUT TO:

ALLEY, CAR
Powell and Hennessy parked in an alleyway, watching. Hennessey is in street clothes.

CUT TO:

SIDEWALK
Purvis nervously pacing, checks his watch-

CUT TO:

INT. THEATRE
we SLOW PAN across the faces of Jimmy, Polly (wearing a red dress) and Anna, watching. We hear squealing tires and gunshots from the screen-

CUT TO:

AGENTS, DOORWAY

SAM
Where'd old Nervous Purvis get to?

MAC
Saw him skitter down the alley over there. Pro'bly had to tap a kidney.

SAM
Better now than in the thick of it.

CUT TO:

ALLEY
Purvis is practicing drawing from his shoulder holster-

PURVIS
(draws) Okay Johnnie, the jig's up! (frowns, reholsters) (draws) Come along Johnnie, the party's over.

He smiles - that's <u>it</u>.

CUT TO:

SCREEN, THE MOVIE
shoot-out from a 1934 movie.

CUT TO:

STREET, PURVIS
checks his watch, pulls out a cigarette and a book of matches-

CUT TO:

POWELL AND HENNESSY
getting out of their car-

CUT TO:

AGENTS, DOORWAY
opening their jackets-

CUT TO:

BIOGRAPH
people starting to pour onto the street-

CUT TO:

JIMMY, POLLY, ANNA
exiting with the crowd, Anna dropping back-

JIMMY
-nah, revenge ain't the ticket. You try too hard to get even and you never get ahead.

POLLY
You shoulda been Gable's lawyer.

CUT TO:

PURVIS
fumbling with his matches as Polly and Jimmy pass, finally gets one lit-

CUT TO:

POWELL AND HENNESSY
walking directly towards Jimmy and Polly, both smiling-

CUT TO:

POLLY
seeing Powell and Hennessy.

CUT TO:

AGENTS
hurrying across the street-

CUT TO:

STREET
men converging on Polly and Jimmy from all sides-

CUT TO:

PURVIS
ripping his coat buttons to claw his gun out-

CUT TO:

POWELL AND HENNESSY
drawing their guns-

CUT TO:

JIMMY, POLLY
Jimmy sees, pushes Polly away-

CUT TO:

GUNS
in various hands, firing-

CUT TO:

JIMMY
spun by the fusillade, falls-

CUT TO:

STREET
a long shot, Jimmy sprawled on the sidewalk, men standing around him. A moment of silence, then Polly screams-

CUT TO:

POLLY
screaming, screaming, two agents grab her, hold her back-

CUT TO:

PURVIS
bending over the body, he is shaken up-

PURVIS
P-p-party's over, John.

CUT TO:

POLLY, AGENTS
having a hard time holding her. She screams, sobs-

CUT TO:

CROWD, ANNA
she tries to blend with them as they come forward to look. "Dillinger!" says a cop, "it's Dillinger!" and the crowd murmurs the name, over and over-

CUT TO:

BODY
a puddle of blood around it, agents trying to keep the crowd back-

CUT TO:

HENNESSY
to one side, sneakily drops a gun from a handkerchief into the gutter-

CUT TO:

BODY
the crowd circling it now, reaching around agents to dip handkerchiefs in the blood. "Dillinger, it's John Dillinger" they murmur-

CUT TO:

JAKE LINGLE
in the crowd with a camera. Holds it over his head, aims at the body- FLASH! He looks around, sees-

JAKE
Hey Polly, over here!

CUT TO:

POLLY
dazed, being led away by the agents, looking fuzzily in the direction of the voice- FLASH!

CUT TO:

NEWSPAPER PHOTO
Polly dazed in black-and-white. We PAN RIGHT to the headline-

DILLINGER KILLED AT BIOGRAPH!

Betrayed by Lady in Red

DISSOLVE TO:

HEADLINE

DILLINGER DEAD!

Feds Aided by 'Lady in Red'

DISSOLVE TO:

HEADLINE

DILLINGER SHOT IN CHICAGO

Purvis Cites Hoover, 'Lady in Red'

We PAN RIGHT to a photo of the dead man on a morgue slab-

DISSOLVE TO:

TENEMENT STEPS
Polly, dressed in black veil and widow's weeds, furtively climbs the steps, looks around, then enters the building-

CUT TO:

HALLWAY
very seedy, Polly raps on a door. Eddie opens, sees her, closes the door in her face.

POLLY
Eddie? C'mon Eddie, I gotta talk to you-

EDDIE
(inside)
Fuckin rat!

POLLY
I didn't know, Eddie, believe me. It was Anna.

EDDIE
That ain't how it says in the papers!

POLLY
The papers are fulla shit. It was Anna and Jake Lingle and Hennessy, they set him up. He didn't have no gun, I know he didn't, they just shot him down cold! C'mon, Eddie, they're after me, I need a place to stay.

Eddie opens the door. He's been crying.

EDDIE
He was John Dillinger-

POLLY
(bitterly) He was just another fuckin liar! And they're out there sellin handkerchiefs dipped in his blood0

EDDIE
You gonna get even? With Anna and them?

POLLY
(coldly)
Nah, kid. I'm gonna get ahead.

CUT TO:

BAR
a real dive. Polly sits by Pops at the counter. A drunk is passed out in his seat a few places down from them-

POPS
(excited)
It's the big one, ain't it?

POLLY
The one you always dreamed about, Pops.

POPS
They'll come after us.

POLLY
With a wad of dough and the muscle to back it you can go anywhere. You said so yourself. I need you, Pops. You're the only one got the smarts to pull this thing off. The only one.

POPS
(flattered, hooked)
Yeah. I spose I am at that.

CUT TO:

STREET CORNER, CROWD, PINETOP
he's softshoeing and singing 'Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone' as the people clustered throw pennies at his feet-

CUT TO:

POLLY
watching from a distance-

CUT TO:

PINETOP
does his big finale, then-

PINETOP
Thass all fokes!

He kneels to scoop the change as the crowd drifts away. Polly appears by him- puts her suitcase down.

POLLY
Hello, Pinetop.

PINETOP
(embarrassed)
Hi, Polly.

POLLY
We gotta talk.

PINETOP
You gonna get me strung up from the El, woman, talking out here with white stuff.

POLLY
Pick up the suitcase and make like I give you a nickel to carry it for me.

PINETOP
(eyes suitcase)
This better be good.

DISS

STREET
Polly and Pinetop coming towards us, Pinetop a step behind with the suitcase-

POLLY
If we pull it off, we're in the chips for good.

PINETOP
And if we mess up?

POLLY
(shrugs)
Either way, our troubles'll be over. You interested?

PINETOP
What have I got to lose?

CUT TO:

EDDIE'S ROOM
Eddie tangling with Polly, Pops and Pinetop on the sidelines-

POLLY
Cause you're a kid, that's why.

EDDIE
I'm almost seventeen.

POLLY
Like I said.

PINETOP
We need four, Polly. Pops says we need four.

POPS
I wunt but fourteen when I first stood chickie for a job.

POLLY
(sighs) Ah, what the hell. I shoulda left you to starve.

CUT TO:

ALLEY
Frank and Momo have Jake Lingle pinned against a wall. Frognose faces him-

JAKE
So what's the beef? I always write what you say, don't I?

FROGNOSE
The word is, Snoop, that you're tight with the frail that thew Dillinger in.

JAKE
Hey, she wouldn't say nothing about you-

FROGNOSE
Once a rat, always a rat. (twists his nose) You just point the way, Snoop. We'll take it from there.

CUT TO:

TOWN STREET, BANK
a little brick-fronted number on a quiet street-

POLLY
(off) That's it?

CUT TO:

INT. CAR
the gang sits watching the bank in a long, shiny car. Pinetop is in a chauffeur's uniform, Polly in a nurse's uniform and Pops and Eddie dressed expensively-

POPS
That my friends, is one box even Johnnie Dillinger wouldn't tackle.

EDDIE
Looks pretty soft to me.

POPS
It's the mob's piggy bank. No questions asked, no Feds sniffing at your records. Heist that baby and you bought into a world of trouble.

POLLY
So why mess with it?

POPS
Who's gonna have more money in one place? Let's go.

CUT TO:

STREET
Polly and Pinetop out unfolding a wheelchair, Eddie wandering away, playing the bored grandson-

CUT TO:

INT. DRUGSTORE, EDDIE
enters and sits at the soda fountain. Through the window we see Polly pushing Pops across the street in the chair, Pinetop following with a large satchel. The soda jerk comes-

EDDIE
Chocolate malted, please?

CUT TO:

INT. BANK
a smiling bank officer escorting them across the room. The teller's cages and vault area is raised from the main floor. Polly stops the wheelchair at the edge of a set of steps. Pops croaks something unintelligible, Polly translates-

POLLY
He says he'd like a safety deposit box, too. Family jewels.

OFFICER
No problem, sir. If you'll just wait here I'll get our manager to see you.

CUT TO:

POLLY, PINETOP, POPS
casing the place as the officer leaves-

CUT TO:

TELLERS
three women at their drawers-

CUT TO:

BANK VAULT
a man bringing a metal box out from it-

CUT TO:

GUARDS
two guards, one on either side of the entrance door. Not the usual old men, but real torpedoes in uniform-

CUT TO:

MANAGER
smiling and extending his hand to Pops-

MANAGER
Mr. James?

INT. DRUGSTORE
Eddie lays down some change on the counter, exits. The soda jerk picks up the change, watches Eddie go to the car, then pulls a pad and pencil out and writes the license number down-

DISSOLVE TO:

COUNTRY ROAD
the gang's car slowing at a fork-

CUT TO:

INT. CAR
Pops up front marking a road map, Pinetop driving-

POPS
Take the left fork here-

PINETOP
Gotcha.

POPS
We don't speed, we don't run signs or stoplights. Just mosey away like we're goin to a picnic. Once we slip the roadblocks we change cars-

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE
the interior of the bank recreated in produce-crates and taped boundaries. Pops sits in the wheelchair-

POPS
Forget the drawers, the real dough is back in that vault. That's your department Polly. Pinetop handles the civilians and I got the guards.

POLLY
They looked pretty tough.

POPS
One of em used to be a shooter for the Genna brothers. The other I don't know. I'll handle em. Now it's gonna be three minutes sharp, kid, got it? You make sure nobody blocks the car and you hit that horn if there's heat comin.

EDDIE
I got it.

POPS
Okay, ladies and gentlemen, let's take our places. I hold the watch and when I say 'time' that means move-

CUT TO:

DAY, STREET
Eddie escorting an old woman with a black veil over her face. As they approach we see that it is Polly in her street disguise-

EDDIE
Where are we gonna live when we get the money?

POLLY
We ain't living nowhere, kid. You got places to go and girls to chase. I got other plans.

EDDIE
Like what?

POLLY
You ever hear of William Hearst?

EDDIE
Sure, I used to hawk his paper, corner of Division and Kedzie-

CUT TO:

POLLY, CU

POLLY
He's got a place in California, Hearst, up on a mountain overlookin the Pacific. Every night he's got twenty, thirty guests over and they have a big swell dinner and then see a movie and then they have dancin and if somebody wants to swim there's a pool right there inside. Every night. He's married to a movie star and every night there's a party.

EDDIE
Jeez--

CUT TO:

STREET, POLLY, EDDIE
across the street from us. Polly's old lady act is pretty good as they climb the steps to Eddie's tenement. We PULL BACK slightly and see we are next to Jake Lingle, noting the address on a pad-

DISSOLVE TO:

BEDROOM
dark, Polly lying with her eyes closed. Eddie tiptoes in, looks at her for a while, then sits by her. Her eyes open. Her back is to him. He starts to stroke her hair-

POLLY
Don't Eddie.

EDDIE
Why not?

POLLY
Cause I don't want you to, that's why.

EDD
I been givin up my bed two weeks now-

POLLY
You want me to take the couch?

EDDIE
No. I want to sleep with you.

POLLY
Forget it. You're a kid.

EDD
Look, I'm old enough to stick my neck out for you, I'm old enough to-

POLLY
Hold it, Mister! Nobody ast you to risk your neck! You want out it's not too late-

EDDIE
I don't want out. I want you.

POLLY
Forget it.

EDDIE
Everybody else in the fuckin city had you, why not me?

SMACK! She slaps him hard across the face. He storms out of the room, slamming the door. We hear him banging down the stairs as Polly gets her temper back. She goes to the window to call to him, but stops, seeing something below.

CUT TO:

STREETCORNERS, POLLY'S POV
Jake Lingle is pointing at the apartment, Frank and Momo beside him. Jake retreats into the darkness, the gunmen walk toward the apartment-

CUT TO:

POLLY
moves away from the window, scared, looks around the room-

CUT TO:

ROOM, POLLY'S POV
we PAN ACROSS the shabby room, then hold on Eddie's ball, glove and bat standing in the corner-

CUT TO:

INT. LANDING
Frank and Momo flipping a coin at the bottom of the stairs-

FRANK
Heads.

MOMO
Tough luck. She's mine.

Frank moves to the doorway, Momo starts up the stairs-

CUT TO:

ROOM
Polly stands to the side of the door, which she's opened a crack, holding Eddie's baseball bat. We hear Momo's footsteps on the stairs-

CUT TO:

FEET
Momo's feet climbing, he reaches the top of the stairs-

CUT TO:

POLLY
looks at the bat, turns the label up-

CUT TO:

MOMO
pushing the door open gently-

CUT TO:

POLLY
swinging with all her might-

CUT TO:

FRANK
hears a thud.

He goes to the door of the stairs, then crouches and pulls his gun as we hear a thud, thud, thud of something rolling down the stairs. He strains to see- then relaxes and smiles-

CUT TO:

STAIRS, BASEBALL
Eddie's baseball thudding down, bounces into Frank's hand. We ZOOM OUT to see him rise and call up the stairs-

FRANK
You're a regular comedian, Momo. Momo?

His smile disappears, seeing-

CUT TO:

GUN
in Polly's hand - BLAM! BLAM BLAM! We hear a thud at the bottom of the stairs-

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE, PINETOP
working on the car, when someone bangs from the outside. He looks out the window, then hurries to the door. Polly rushes in, nearly hysterical-

POLLY
They're gonna kill me! They're gonna kill me!

PINETOP
What's wrong woman? What happened?

POLLY
They come after me - Frank an Momo-

PINETOP
It's Frognose-

POLLY
An Lingle - it was him put the finger on me - we got to get em, they're gonna kill me-

PINETOP
(thinking) Frognose be out makin collections tonight-

POLLY
And Lingle too - he'll find me, he'll fuck up everything-

PINETOP
(resolved) Tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR, FROGNOSE, LINGLE, PATRONS
a small dive, a few late night drinkers, Jake Lingle included, laughing at one end of the bar as the bartender counts bills out on the counter to Frognose-

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR, PINETOP
looking grim, hands down in the pockets of a long coat, he takes a deep breath and we FOLLOW him into the bar. Frognose is no longer present. The bartender looks up, frowns-

BARTENDER
We don't serve dinges in here.

PINETOP
(softly) I got a payment for Mr. Frognose.

BARTENDER
(jerks his thumb) In the can.

We follow Pinetop - when he gets down on the end of the bar Jake sees him, grabs his arm-

JAKE
Say hey, Pinetop, aint heard you ticklin the ivories lately - what's the story?

Pinetop stares at him coldly, pulls away and moves toward the 'GENTS' room - We hold on Jake who signals the bartender over, puzzled-

JAKE
What'd he want in here?

BARTENDER
Says he's got somethin for Frognose-

JAKE
Uh-oh.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, FROGNOSE
finishes at the urinal trough, zips up, moves to the sink to wash his hands.

Just as he turns the faucet on he sees Pinetop in the mirror, standing behind him with a cheap automatic drawn. He turns- terrified - CRACK! CRACK! Pinetop shoots him twice and he falls, we hold on the mirror, cracked and bloody where the bullets passed through Frognose, but intact enough so we can see Pinetop stand and fire down at Frognose on the floor again and again-

CUT TO:

'GENTS' DOOR
flies open as Pinetop stalks back into the barroom, patrons diving for cover, the bartender raising his hands over his head-

PINETOP
Where's Lingle?

BARTENDER
(points to exit door) He run out that way-

Pinetop hurries through the room, turning warily to cover all the patrons without exposing his back, then rushes out the door-

CUT TO:

BAR
the bartender drops his hands, and Jake rises up from behind the counter where he was hiding-

BARTENDER
(shaken) Some nigger. What's he want with you?

JAKE
(shrugs) He's bughouse.

BARTENDER
(looking toward bathroom) Better go see what's left of Frognose-

DISS

MORNING, FIELD, CAR
sun rising over the meadow, the gang's new car parked on the road shoulder-

CUT TO:

INT. CAR
Polly and Pinetop sitting, looking tired-

PINETOP
You get any sleep?

POLLY
You kiddin? Whenever I started I'd get this screwy dream and wake up. You seen 'King Kong'?

PINETOP
Yeah. The big monkey.

POLLY
In the dream I'm the one he's got in his paw. And he's squeezin me to death. He's sayin how he loves me, all that stuff, but still he's crushin my lungs. Then he says how if I'll marry him he'll make me his size. An still he's squeezin me, an I figure anything is better'n that, so I say okay. And I get big. There's normal people below me now, right, hundreds of em, like cockaroaches. It's sort of nice, I know can't nobody hurt me now and and I'm not being squeezed. Only it's sad, too, cause all I can do for them people now is step on em, squush em. And I got to pay off my promise - there's this fuckin hairy animal lookin at me an he means business-

PINETOP
That's a coke-dream if I ever heard one.

POLLY
I been havin it night after night-

PINETOP
Listen, I'm sorry about Lingle-

POLLY
(coldly) Don't worry, he's outa the picture.

Pinetop stares at her, wondering what she can mean, then they hear a car approach from behind-

CUT TO:

CARS
an old junker pulling up behind them. Pops and Eddie get out-

CUT TO:

ROADSIDE
Eddie looks hungover-

POPS
You two are awful hot after last night.

POLLY
So we push our schedule up. Where'd you find him?

POPS
Sadie Wilson's house.

POLLY
If it was more than two bucks, kid, you was robbed.

No response from Eddie-

POLLY
Hey, kid, it wasn't you, you know? You coulda been Ronald Colman, it still wouldn't of gotten a tumble. You with us?

EDDIE
Yeah. I'm with you.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUGSTORE, AGENTS, FRITZ AND JERRY
two badly disguised G-men, Fritz, the older, eating a huge banana split at the counter while Jerry, dressed as a soda jerk, peers out the window at the bank through binoculars-

FRITZ
The mob is gonna let a death in the family upset their cash flow? Frognose collected last night, somebody's gonna deposit it this mornin.

JERRY
How we gonna know who it is?

FRITZ
(eating) I can smell a bagman a mile away. Just let me know if you see anything fishy.

Pinetop drives up and parks in front of the drugstore-

CUT TO:

STREET, GANG
Polly and Pinetop help Pops into his chair, Eddie stretches and looks up and down the street-

JERRY
(off) What about this bunch?

FRITZ
(off) Nah. Think I recognize the geezer- used to be a Senator or somethin-

CUT TO:

INT. TRIBUNE OFFICE, JAKE LINGLE
talking on the phone-

JAKE
But why can't you just tell me where he is? Yeah--- sure, I get it--- Okay, if you got the dope on him I wanna see it--- Okay, where? --- Yeah, I know it--- right, I'll be there.

He hangs up, grabs his hat to go, winks to Tip at a nearby desk-

JAKE
Here's a fella says Dillinger aint really dead. Says the whole thing at the Biograph was just a set-up to get the heat offen him.

TIP
Christ Jake-

JAKE
Might be some mileage left in old Johnny- catch you later.

CUT TO:

EDDIE
by the car, watching the street-

INT. BANK
Polly wheeling Pops in, Pops following with the satchel. The manager approaches, smiling-

MANAGER
Good afternoon, Mr. James. More deposits?

Pops croaks something-

POLLY
He wants to check the vault, first. He worries about security.

MAN
Well, there are those steps to get up-

Pops croaks, Polly nods-

POLLY
He's really got his heart set on it.

MAN
Very well. Fellows? (signals guards) Could you give us a hand?

The two guards come over, flank the wheelchair. As they bend to grab hold Pops reaches under his lap robe and comes out with a gun pressed to each guard's forehead-

POPS
Freeze.

Polly lifts her dress- pulls a gun taped to her thigh and Pinetop yanks a sawed-off shotgun from the satchel. Polly grabs the satchel, pokes the manager-

POLLY
The vault, Mister. Step on it.

CUT TO:

PINETOP
moving to cover tellers and customers-

PINETOP
Keep your hands down, dammit! Keep your mouths shut and keep on smilin. I want them teeth to sparkle, now, I wanna count em!

CUT TO:

INT. VAULT
the manager filling the satchel with stacks of money-

POLLY
We know you got the big stuff, Mister, so don't pretend. I see anything under a fifty it's curtains for you.

CUT TO:

WATCH
strapped to Pops' wrist as he holds guns on the guards-

CUT TO:

WATCH
on Eddie's wrist, second hand sweeping-

CUT TO:

EDDIE
watching the street, nervous-

CUT TO:

INT. DRUGSTORE
Fritz still eating-

FRITZ
Yeah, you rub Purvis the wrong way and you draw all the dogshit details. Sure you don't want a bite?

JERRY
Uh- no- it's a little early.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK
the tellers and customers standing terrified-

CUT TO:

PINETOP

PINETOP
(grinning) Now when the law asks you, all you got to say is 'They all look the same to me.'

CUT TO:

INT. VAULT
the manager still stuffing-

POLLY
Such big bills for such a little bank.

CUT TO:

POPS, GUARDS

POPS
Now, gentlemen, when the lady comes by your drop your rods in her bag. Just like trick or treat.
(calls)
TIME!

CUT TO:

INT. DRUGSTORE

FRITZ
Big triple funeral this afternoon- the mob's probly buying out the florists-

Jerry sees Polly, Pops and Pinetop walk calmly from the bank-

JERRY
The old bird is walkin-

FROGNOSE
What? (turns to see out window)

JERRY
He went in on wheels and he comes out on his feet-

FRITZ
Better call the office, get some people out here. It's either a miracle or a stick-up-

CUT TO:

INT. BANK
one guard pulling a pistol from a teller's tray, the other on the phone at the manager's desk-

GUARD
Hennessey! Gimme Captain Hennessey, it's an emergency!

CUT TO:

INT. CAR
We see the gang from the front, smiling-

POPS
Take it smooth, Pinetop.

PINETOP
Smooth all the way Pops.

As they pull away we see Fritz rush into the street behind them, aim, CRACK! the back window shatters and Pinetop gasps, clutches his neck-

POLLY
Pinetop!

CUT TO:

CAR
swerving into a light-pole, crashing. Pops rolls out one side with the shotgun and Pinetop staggers out the other, bleeding from the neck-

CUT TO:

GUN BATTLE
Pops kills Fritz with a blast, rolls for cover as Jerry emerges firing a rifle. Jerry hits Pinetop several times, killing him, then starts blasting the car. Polly and Eddie duck down in the back seat, glass shattering overhead. Pops reloads, rolls out, blasts Jerry dead, then is hit himself by the two guards running out of the bank. Eddie kicks the car door open, fires a burst from his machinegun that knocks him on his ass with recoil, then continues firing seated, mowing the two guards down. Polly stands in the middle of the street, bringing a car screeching to a halt inches from her, waves the driver out and drags Pops into the front. Eddie jumps into the driver's seat then they squeal away-

CUT TO:

STREET
a long shot. The two agents, two guards and Pinetop lie dead. A crowd gathers-

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE
Purvis and a dozen G-men, armed to the teeth, climbing into their cars-

PURVIS
Keep radio contact if at all possible! And try to keep them pinned down till I can get there-

CUT TO:

POLICE STATION
Powell and Hennessey hurrying down a hallway-

HENNESSY
Tell the boys it's shoot to kill-

POWELL
That I will, sor.

HENNESSY
-and tell them to keep their noses out of the loot.

POWELL
That will be a tad more difficult, sor.

CUT TO:

COUNTRY ROAD
Eddie having difficulty keeping the car on the road-

CUT TO:

INT. CAR
Polly cradling Pops in her arms, Eddie wrestling the wheel-

POLLY
Take it easy, willya?

EDDIE
I never drove a car before.

POLLY
Oh Christ.

EDDIE
The red needle- is that for gas?

CUT TO:

FILLING STATION

a two-tank operation at the base of a long hill. The attendant stands watching the car weave it's way down the hill, then screech to a halt by the pumps. The attendant takes one look inside and lights out. Eddie gets out, grabs a pump and searches for the car's tank-

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

POLLY
Pops? Can you hear me, Pops?

POPS
It hurts. It hurts real bad.

POLLY
We'll get you a doctor, Pops. We'll buy you a whole fuckin hospital.

CUT TO:

EDDIE
pump in hand, sees a squad car starting down the long hill. He runs and pulls the machine gun out of the car-

EDDIE
Get it outa here-

POLLY
Huh?

EDDIE
I'll hold back, then go to the other car like we planned! Now move it!

Polly sees the squad car, takes a last look at Eddie, then guns the car away-

CUT TO:

GUN BATTLE
Eddie digs in behind a pile of tires, fires a burst, stopping the squad car. The men open the doors and take position behind them. They fire round after round at each other, Eddie hitting two of the police, then bolting behind the gas tanks for a better vantage-

EDDIE
looks at the gas pump beside him, realizes his mistake-

EDDIE
Oh shit-

CUT TO:

COPS
aiming at the tank, fires his rifle-

CUT TO:

FILLING STATION
KABLOOM! first one gas tank, then the other, exploding, throwing flame high in the sky-

CUT TO:

ROAD, CAR
Polly has stopped it in a bend of the road- we see the flames still climbing in the distance-

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

POPS
What was that?

POLLY
The kid. That was the kid.

DISSOLVE TO:

JAKE
standing by railroad tracks in a torn-down area, waiting, the ground covered with yellowed, blowing newspapers. He shivers a little, looks around -

CUT TO:

ROADBLOCKS
both Hennessy's men and Purvis' agents setting up road-blocks-

CUT TO:

TWILIGHT, COUNTRY ROAD
Polly's car coughing to a halt in rolling farm country-

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

POLLY
We're trapped, Pops. No more gas.

POPS
Gimme my gun.

POLLY
Whatta you want it for?

POPS
It hurts too bad, Polly. I can't take it no more.

POLLY
They'll be here pretty soon. They can get you a doc.

POPS
I done too much time. I don't want to die inside. Gimme my gun.

POLLY
(crying)
It's in your hand, Pops.

POPS
Jesus, I can't even feel it. Polly?

POLLY
Naw, Pops. I couldn't-

POPS
Tell me about the score.

POLLY
It's the big one, Pops. Stacks of fifties, stacks of hundreds- here-

She pulls a stack of bills from the satchel and presses it to his face-

POLLY
You feel that, Pops? Them're all hundreds.

POPS
(smiles weakly)
I'm gonna die rich after all. Polly? Please, Polly, it hurts so bad.

Polly decides, takes the gun from Pops. She kisses him on the forehead, we hear a muffled shot, and his face goes blank-

DISS

JAKE
by the railroad tracks. Smiles as he sees his man, offers his hand to shake - we ZOOM OUT to see it is Turk, smiling-

TURK
Mr. Lingle? Pleased to meet you -

They shake, Turk presses close -

TURK
Polly Franklin sends her regards.

There is a muffled shot, Jake's face contorts with surprise. We follow him crumpling to his knees, then sprawling face-down on the ground. We hold on him as Turk walks away. Newspapers begin to blow over him, covering his face -

CUT TO:

FIELDS, POLLY
running through wheatfields like a hunted animal, lugging the bulging, heavy satchel, her white nurses uniform stained with blood.

CUT TO:

FARMHOUSE
Polly scrambling towards a little unpained farm shack.

CUT TO:

FARMGIRL
a teenage girl standing barefoot in a faded sack of a dress, frozen with terror, holding a crate of eggs. We ZOOM OUT a bit to see Polly holding a gun on her, panting, bloodied. She stares at the girl a long moment, remembering, then speaks softly-

POLLY
Take off your dress, honey. That's all I need, you dress.

CUT TO:

JAKE LINGLE
Newspapers blowing over his body-

CUT TO:

NIGHT, INT. TRUCK
the driver singing 'She's Funny that Way' at the top of his lungs. His headlights pick up someone ahead.

CUT TO:

POLLY
standing on the roadside, barefoot in the girl's dress, looking like a runaway country girl with a satchel full of belongings-

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK
Polly climbs in, the driver starts up, looks her over-

DRIVER
Where to, Missy?

POLLY
West.

DRIVER
(nods) Come to the right place, then. Every been all the way?

POLLY
(fading) Huh?

DRIVER
Ever seen the Pacific? Everybody ought to, I think. Before they're plowed under.

POLLY
(wearily) Sure.

Polly closes her eyes, hugs the money tighter to her chest-

POLLY
(softly) California.

FADE TO CREDITS